The New REPUBLIC

Published Weekly

Wednesday February 5, 1930

JOHN DEWEY'S
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II: *The Lost Individual*

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by FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON

Free Speech in Fascist Italy
by ROBERT C. BINKLEY

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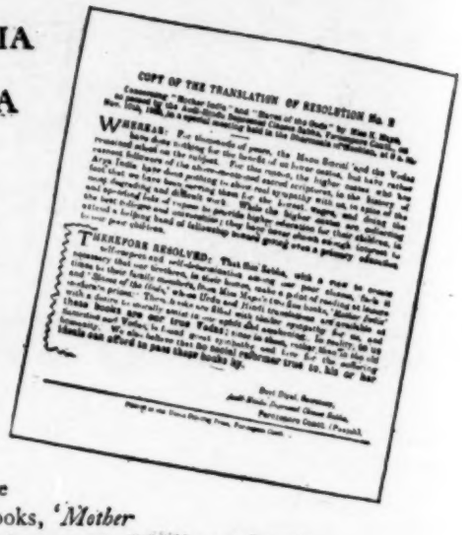
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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Week

TWO items of news from Berlin are highly significant if joined together. One is that the German import surplus for the year 1929 was reduced to 752,000,000 marks. If reparation deliveries in kind are added to the figures of exports, an export surplus of 47,000,000 marks is revealed. Obviously this is not a large enough export surplus to enable the payment of both reparations and interest on former German borrowings. Without larger exports, Germany cannot pay unless she continues to borrow large amounts abroad. But the tendency toward an increased balance of exports and decreased borrowing in the latter months of the year encourages the optimists to predict that Germany will surmount the difficulty. The trouble with this prediction is revealed by the other item of news. It is that German industrial depression has reached such proportions that, in spite of the mild winter, 2,000,000 are unemployed. The tendency toward an export surplus and decreased borrowing abroad was made possible only by a severe depression—as was the case in 1926. German manufacturers of goods for export were using up existing stocks of materials without fully replenishing them by new imports. Such a tendency cannot, of course, long continue.

THE present Mexican government is undoubtedly more conservative than most of its recent predecessors. Unfriendly critics say that this is because the country is now under the thumb of the United States, and that its rulers have betrayed the Revolution in order to placate the American bankers and business men whose aid they seek. Whatever the degree of truth in this charge, the development here described undoubtedly lies behind the recent break between Mexico and Soviet Russia. Hostile demonstrations by Soviet sympathizers against the new Mexican president do not spring up by themselves; they undoubtedly came as part of a plan. It remains to be seen how far Mexico's new friendship for the United States means an impairment of the program of her own Revolution; but it is easy to understand how the Russians find the atmosphere unfriendly and welcome an excuse to signalize before the world their disapproval of the present drift of affairs.

ABOUT six weeks ago, a mob of unarmed Haitians became involved in a dispute with American Marines. Five Haitians were killed and twenty wounded, and there was much excitement in Haiti and in Washington. The President hurriedly asked Congress to authorize a commission of investigation; the public was led to believe that something would be done. Before Christmas, the House passed a bill authorizing such a commission; but so far the Senate has declined to act. The Committee on Foreign Relations last week finally reported out a bill, which, instead of authorizing such a commission, merely appropriated $50,000, which the President might use for such a purpose upon his own responsibility. In the discussion of this bill it was quite evident that many Senators were convinced that the request for a commission was unjustified. They believe that the facts in the situation are well known, and that a commission would probably whitewash our past policy and delay a final solution. The Senate as a whole has not yet acted upon the amended bill.

In the meantime, President Hoover and responsible officials in the State Department remain silent and would seem to have forgotten all about this unfortunate island. Nevertheless, the people of Haiti have not been placated. Their discontent grows, and hostile criticism of American policy continues to emanate from the press of Latin America and Europe.

WHETHER or not a commission is sent to Haiti, the time for immediate action in regard to some features of our policy has arrived. The real cause of the so-called "revolt" of December was President Borno's violation of his promise to take steps toward holding legislative elections this January. As this month has now come to an end, it is too late for the State Department to insist—as it should have done—that these elections be held. Nevertheless, it should be remembered that a new president will be elected in Haiti in April, and that, unless we act to set aside the system of dictatorship for which we are responsible, the system will be continued for another six years, which is the length of the presidential term. It is true that President Borno has promised not to be a candidate for reëlection: nevertheless, he appoints the twenty-one members of the Council of State which will elect the president, and is, therefore, in a position to name his successor. It will be nothing less than an outrage if the United States permits this to happen. No time is to be lost if the National Assembly is to be restored and if the next president of Haiti is to be elected by representatives some of whom, at least, are not under the thumb of President Borno or General Russell, the American High Commissioner.

FRANCES PERKINS, Industrial Commissioner of the state of New York, has performed a public service by challenging Mr. Hoover's announcement that in the first weeks of January employment definitely turned upward. The President's announcement, ostensibly based on information from the Department of Labor, carried no supporting figures. Yet the figures in the possession of Miss Perkins, carefully derived from a representative group of New York establishments, show precisely the opposite—that employment at last accounts was still falling. Long experience has revealed that the New York figures are likely to indicate the situation in the rest of the country—and in any case, New York factories employ a sizeable percentage of the total and cannot be ignored if we are judging trends. Yet the federal government, Miss Perkins says, got no information from the state figures, so far as she is aware. All of us want to see Mr. Hoover's effort to stabilize business succeed, but the worst of all ways to make it succeed is to give out ill-founded and over-optimistic statements which informed persons know to be untrue, and which destroy confidence even in the really hopeful factors in the situation. One cannot escape the fear that this administration, like so many before it, is attempting to gloss over a serious unemployment crisis rather than facing the problem and initiating the machinery to deal with unemployment which has for so many years been vainly recommended by students of the subject.

THE resentment caused by the drastic increase in New York state telephone rates is so general and intense that the state authorities have been moved to action. This action is taking two main directions. One is peculiar to this case. It is based on the discovery that since the date of the valuation fixed as a rate base by the federal court, the company has added to it $133,000,000 as the cost of new construction. The question is whether this amount has been spent, and legitimately spent. It is one for the Public Service Commission to investigate. The other is a protest, voiced by the Governor, against the prevalent habit of public utilities to appeal to federal courts for increases before they have exhausted the channels open to them through the state regulating bodies and courts. A resolution has been introduced into the legislature urging Congress to pass pending legislation to forbid this practice. Both actions are well justified, but neither, in our opinion, goes to the heart of the matter, which is the general acceptance by both federal and state courts of the pernicious theory of valuation based on reproduction costs. There is no assurance that the utmost assertion of the authority of the state would furnish any better protection to the consumer. What is really necessary is a reform in the system of regulation—or a substitute for it. Let us hope that the New York committee which has been investigating this subject all the year will throw more light upon it.

THE NEW REPUBLIC offers a consolation prize of one pound of chocolates to anyone who can conscientiously say that he believes in the good faith of cigarette advertising testimonials after reading the recent announcement of the Federal Trade Commission concerning a "certain cigarette company," which has, as the result of the Commission's investigation, promised to refrain in the future from such phrases as "women retain slender figures" or "overweight is banished." This company's advertising, according to the statement, quoted certain actresses in a musical show as saying they stayed slender by using its cigarettes, "when in truth and in fact the said actresses were not cigarette smokers and did not stay slender through the smoking of respondent's cigarettes." The Commission also refers to an advertisement containing a testimonial from the star of a talking picture which declared that by smoking this brand of cigarette he was "kept in good shape and his voice was clear as a bell in every scene." Yet the star received a consideration for this statement, "which he did not prepare, or see prior to its use, or sign." Of course, advertisers may be perfectly

conscious that the public knows they—or their testimonial writers—are simply lying for profit. Perhaps they don't care what the public thinks of their morals, as long as they attract attention. After all, there is precious little in the way of persuasion to be said about any cigarette, if one is honest. But we do wish at the least that people would cease exploiting their children's honor by selling the right to use their pictures as examples of the benefits of a prominent breakfast food. That makes us a little sick.

ANOTHER new "sun lamp" has been announced by Dr. M. Luckeish, director of lamp research for the General Electric Company, and if the claims made for it in advance are correct, it ought to be of the greatest value. In the meantime, the fad for using ultra-violet ray lamps still continues. Not only do large numbers of persons take such treatment in physicians' offices, but home equipment is being widely advertised and sold. If it can be said that exposure to these lamps seems to do little harm, we must also observe that no one knows very certainly just how useful it is. An experiment was conducted in London recently, in which over three hundred young children, from five to seven years of age, were included. They were divided into three groups, one of which did not receive any treatment. The rest were given the standard exposure to ultra-violet light from "a direct-current long-flame carbon lamp," one group getting the rays directly, the other through a screen. Those who received treatment had it three times a week for eight months. Their height and weight were watched, and also the frequency of occurrence of colds and other infections. According to the report made to the Medical Research Council, summarized by Science Service,

> the exposure to the ultra-violet light had almost no beneficial effects, the control group usually showing the most advantage. The evidence was definitely against any favorable effect on resistance to infections as a result of the exposure to the light. A possible temporary stimulating effect upon the growth was reported. The subjective impressions of the teachers and parents were in favor of the groups that had the light treatment, but the value of these impressions could not be definitely stated.

It was strongly suggested that children suffered a bad effect when kept indoors to take the lamp treatment, instead of using the same amount of time to go out-of-doors and play! These exact conclusions, of course, are valid only in regard to this particular type of lamp. Experiments in the United States have produced somewhat different results, though in some cases these must be discounted, since they have been made by research workers who are paid by manufacturers of one sort of apparatus or another. It is interesting and saddening to learn that when a bureau of the United States government started to report elaborately on the question of ultra-violet rays and their relation to health, not long ago, it was promptly called off by orders from above—which seems to suggest that somebody with a good deal of influence was not sure that a thorough airing of the facts would be good for the trade in lamps or window-glass. Certainly, in a reasonable civilization, people would not go on investing heavily in apparatus of this sort without having some authoritative body to find out the truth and scatter its findings far and wide. Such work is now being done, to be sure, by Consumers' Research (formerly known as the Consumers' Club) and a few similar organizations; but these, with their limited finances and meager avenues of publicity, cannot cope with such a job as needs to be done. What is required is a governmental agency to do this work for all the people. In a reasonable civilization it would be considered that the present practice carries the doctrine of *laissez-faire* entirely too far.

Secret Diplomacy at London

DURING the first week of the London naval conference, the big news was the fact that there was no news. The hundreds of newspaper correspondents assembled in London, and supplemented for the occasion by naval experts, political experts and the usual range of "trained seals," not forgetting Will Rogers and H. L. Mencken, have found themselves with nothing to say, though driven by their waiting editors at home to say it in cablegrams of not less than a thousand words a day. We have yet to hear of anyone who has waded through the hundreds of columns of matter which have appeared in every metropolitan newspaper, but if he exists, he must be the world's most patient soul.

In part, this absence of real news has been due to the fact that not much has been happening. Like all international conferences, this one has attracted too much attention at the beginning and is likely to get less than it deserves later on. But in part, the failure of the reporters to send more authoritative dispatches is because what is happening is taking place behind the scenes—either in private sessions of the conferees or in those informal and confidential meetings which are so often more important than any others.

No problem in the technique of international conference is more important or more difficult than this one of open vs. secret diplomacy. If by President Wilson's famous phrase, "open covenants openly arrived at," we mean negotiations carried on in the full light of day, we now know that nothing of the sort is possible. Mr. Hughes did it in his famous "five-five-three" speech at the Washington conference, which came as a surprise to most of the delegates of the other powers; but his was a trick which could be worked only once in a generation. It is questionable, moreover, whether it was wise even once; if the proposal had been made with less dramatic suddenness, the delegates might have been

in a less "shell-shocked" frame of mind in subsequent sessions of the conference, and there might have been at least a faint chance that the results would not have been so strictly limited in character. We have at any rate learned by bitter experience that when a delegate speaks in public, he addresses, not his colleagues of the conference, but public opinion at home. There are always concessions which he can make privately which he dares not concede publicly; and the intransigence into which he is pushed by this psychological pressure, when he indulges in public oratory, commits him to positions from which he afterward finds it embarrassing to withdraw, however much he wants to. Lock up a group of delegates in a room with a broadcasting megaphone and keep them there long enough, and you have a good chance of getting a war.

Some negotiations, then, must in the nature of things be private; but too much secrecy is as bad in the long run as too much publicity. This is true even when the results are not themselves kept secret, as was formerly sometimes the case. It is true because of the nature of the negotiations and the sort and degree of responsibility given to the negotiators. It must be remembered that the conferees are by no means free agents. They are responsible to the governments by which they have been sent, and this is true even when the delegation is led by the Premier, as is the case with France and Great Britain. Naval requirements, as President Hoover has recently pointed out with so much force, are all relative. No country has any actual needs which can be demonstrated with scientific accuracy. Therefore, the degree of reduction which each country can accept depends upon intangible psychological factors. The delegates will go only as low as their governments are willing to have them; and these in turn will be guided in large part by what they think public opinion will accept (except in a country like Italy, where Mussolini manufactures his public opinion to order).

The difficulty is, however, that unless the people have some chance to know what is going on, it is impossible to develop this necessary public opinion. An excellent example is to be found in the Paris conference of 1919, where President Wilson virtually ignored the American people and the Senate while the peace treaty was being hammered out. He did not make use of American opinion, as he might have done, during the negotiations, to force an improvement of its obnoxious terms; and when it was at last made public, it found the United States unprepared to make an intelligent judgment on its provisions, since the knowledge on which such judgment must be based cannot be improvised overnight.

A similar development at London would be a calamity. Already, the big-navy forces in this country are hard at work seeking to build up sentiment against reduction, and particularly against the abolition of the battleship. President Hoover, naturally, does not wish to have a treaty negotiated whose terms are such that the Senate would reject it. But it is impossible to say in advance what the attitude of the Senate would be, for the members of that body are themselves guided in large measure by what they believe the country wants. The only way they can find out is for the country to tell them; and the only way for the country to make up its mind is to know, long before the end of the conference, what is the policy of the American delegation and on what that policy is based.

President Hoover has in the past shown himself a master of the uses of publicity, though not always of completely candid publicity. There is no doubt that success at London is very close to his heart. He wants parity, limitation and reduction of cruisers, and there is no reason to believe that he himself is opposed to the abolition of the battleship. He should realize that the present course of the American delegation is one which is fraught with grave danger. It is one thing to refrain from showing your hand too soon for the sake of your bargaining power; it is another to assume that the delegates can work successfully in the absence of an informed public opinion at home, and can then bring back a treaty with assurance that it will be accepted. In view of the difficulties with which the London conference is faced even at best, the latter method is sure to result in a document about which no sincere lover of peace can be enthusiastic. Mr. Stimson and his confreres need to realize that the public is a partner in their enterprise; and that only through genuine coöperation can substantial success be attained.

Cossacks on Broadway

ON January 25, four hundred New York Communists assembled in front of City Hall to protest against the killing of Steve Katovis, a striking market worker, by a Bronx policeman. If the police had any right to disperse the meeting—and this is a grave question—they could have dispersed it peaceably. There were a hundred patrolmen on duty, as well as ten sergeants, twenty-five mounted policemen and thirty-five plain-clothes detectives, all of them armed with revolvers and blackjacks, and most of them with nightsticks as well—those famous nightsticks at the end of which, Commissioner Whalen tells us, "there is a lot of law." The crowd that faced them was totally unarmed and largely composed of boys and girls in their teens. And yet, confronted by this very puny menace to capitalism, the police lost their heads completely.

It was one o'clock on Saturday, and office workers were pouring out of the Woolworth Building. The police ran amuck in the crowd. They slugged men and women, Communists and bystanders, with fists and nightsticks and blackjacks; they knocked people down and kicked them as they lay in the gutter; they pursued them up and down Broadway and around the statue of Civic Virtue; they spurred

their horses into the crowd like Cossacks; and, as a final result, they arrested five people, four of whom were dismissed as soon as they appeared in court. One, a girl of fifteen, was sent to the Children's Society.

It is impossible to estimate the number of people injured, but it is pretty certain that most of them had no connection with the Communist meeting. One young man was slugged for reading a handbill. Another was beaten with a nightstick for trying to take the shield number of a policeman who had kicked a gray-haired man lying insensible on the sidewalk. A young business man lost his hat while crossing City Hall Park. Being bareheaded, he was taken for a Communist by two mounted policemen, who pursued him across Broadway into a restaurant, dismounted, found him cowering in the basement, and pounded him with fists and nightsticks. He escaped with a bloody mouth and a huge bump on his head. A few policemen also were injured: they suffered chiefly from skinned knuckles and sprained wrists.

By the Communists themselves, this stupid, aimless brutality of the police was regarded as a victory. Their comments on the whole affair have an air of satisfaction that borders on smugness. They refuse to bring charges against individual members of the police and repeat their attacks upon the capitalist system as a whole. "We expect," says a member of their central executive committee, "that many of us will be killed in the struggle from now on." The Young Communist League announces that it is "always ready to replace the militant fighters fallen in the class struggle." Evidently, cheered by this first success, the Communists are hoping that Commissioner Whalen will help them to produce more serious riots in the future.

For these tactics of the American Communist party, and for the Communist party as a whole, The New Republic has no sympathy whatsoever. It is a narrow, intolerant sect, small in numbers and without intellectual independence. It is directed from Moscow by men who know a great deal about the theory of revolutions in general, but very little about the actual situation in America. Their apparent aim is to make conditions here as bad as possible. Only by transforming America into the Russia of 1905 can they hope to reproduce the Russia of 1917.

Success in their general aim is inconceivable, but under favorable circumstances it is possible for the 15,000 American Communists to win local triumphs. Every instance of official brutality—every striker shot down by a deputy sheriff, every meeting violently dispersed, every bystander slugged or blackjacked, every front-page martyrdom for a member of the party—they regard as an occasion for self-congratulation. And in the present instance, with the distinguished coöperation of Commissioner Whalen and his force, they have won a minor but irritating victory over the cause of intelligence and tolerance in local government.

Profiteering States

NOW that the Secretary of the Interior has made a tentative allotment of the power and water to be made available by Boulder Dam, and work is ready to proceed as soon as the requisite contracts can be signed, two states—Arizona and Nevada—threaten further to hold up the long delayed start on this gigantic and necessary project. They protest that they are safeguarding their rights, but an examination of their case makes it appear that they are attempting to profiteer at the expense of the people of other states and of the United States government. And we doubt very much whether they would fare as well by seeking a judicial decision on their case as by accepting the very generous terms which have already been offered by authority of Congress under the Boulder Dam bill.

It will be remembered that for years the project was delayed by the attempt to obtain a compact among the seven states bordering the Colorado River concerning the division of its waters among them. There was considerable doubt whether such a compact would be constitutionally necessary, since the control of the waters of navigable streams is supposed to reside in the federal government, but in order to avoid unnecessary litigation and discontent, the interstate compact was attempted. One was finally negotiated, dividing the waters as between the four upper-basin and the three lower-basin states, and was ratified by all the states concerned except Arizona. Arizona, however, refrained from ratifying until she could settle her dispute with California as to the allocation of the water allotted to the lower basin. All attempts to reach an agreement having failed, Congress finally passed the Boulder Dam bill, specifying that the work should go ahead on the basis of ratification by six states, and fixing an allotment of the major part of the waters in dispute between Arizona and California. The right was reserved to Arizona to enter the compact at any time.

A final attempt is now being made to satisfy Arizona. This state still stands out for more water than California is willing to surrender, and for more than Congress evidently intended she should have, under the act. The practical situation is, of course, that California needs now, and in the immediate future, for the use of her citizens and farmers, all the water she can get, while Arizona could not use for many years, if ever, even the amount of water which has been allotted to her by the bill, which is substantial. She wishes to assert her assumed right to a hypothetical use of water which is at present urgently demanded elsewhere. This state patriotism may perhaps be justified on abstract grounds; Arizona has a right, if she can exercise it, to grow as rich and populous as California. There must be some decision of the issue, however, if the work is to proceed. And it is difficult for an out-

sider to see why dreams of the greatest possible future for one state should obstruct the satisfaction of the needs of millions of already existing persons in another. Especially so, when it is remembered that the original purpose of Boulder Dam is to remove the ever-present danger of flood from the farming population of the Imperial Valley. The use of the water and power resulting from flood control is, while immensely important, secondary to its function of protecting lives and resources.

Arizona's demand for the right to more water is not, however, as inexcusable as her other main demand, which is that higher prices be charged both for the water and the power than those set by the Secretary of the Interior. The purpose of this contention is not to assure a larger revenue to the United States government. The rates already announced are believed to be more than ample to repay the government for the cost of the project within fifty years, as specified by the act. But the act also sets forth that if there is any surplus from the sale of the water and power, above what is necessary to meet interest charges and amortization, 37½ percent of that surplus is to be divided between Arizona and Nevada. This is, in itself, a queer provision. No state has ever before been granted the privilege of making money out of public works built by the national government. In this case the privilege was granted in order to win the assent of these two states to public construction of the power plant. They had supported the power lobby's opposition to public development, on the ostensible ground that if the project were privately built they could derive an income from taxing it.

It is estimated that the surplus resulting from the rates proposed by the Secretary will give Arizona and Nevada fully as much as they could have obtained from taxation of a private plant of the same value. But now they contend that the rates should be so set as to give them the maximum possible return. It is difficult enough to see why any state should be granted what is equivalent to the right to tax works paid for by the people of the United States, and built for general public benefit. But it is preposterous that two states should be put in the position of private monopolists, exploiting for maximum profit the needs of citizens, especially when so many of these citizens are in other states. Indeed, one of the government engineers calculates that even under the Secretary's rate, power from Boulder Dam will cost slightly more delivered in Southern California than it costs modern steam plants to produce it there today. How the Secretary could, under the terms of the bill, fix a higher charge for it, is impossible to imagine, aside from any other consideration. And think of the precedent created, of which other states avid for revenue might avail themselves!

But the attempted exactions of these two states do not stop here. They have, under the act, a right to a certain preference in the allotment of power. This preference right, however, expires by law six months after notification by the Secretary of the Interior, if they have not by that time exercised it by making contracts. At present they are not in a position to contract for the power. They have no use for it. They could not distribute their possible allotments to their own populations. What they want to do, however, is to sell their allotments of power to private companies, who in turn would sell it largely to inhabitants of other states. They want the power not for use, but for profit. And they want their preference rights to extend for five years, in order to give them time to resell their allotments. The most charitable way to regard this plea is that it is a plan to derive state revenue from the inhabitants of other states, by acting as an unnecessary middleman between a government project and the consumers. The only other way to regard it is as an attempt to serve the "power trust" by diverting to private distribution electric current intended for public use, which might be distributed more cheaply through public agencies.

This is an exaggerated instance of a tendency often encountered. States, especially poorer western states, like nothing so much as to dig deep into the federal pork barrel, to enrich their own treasuries or favored citizens at the expense of the nation. Any ability of Arizona and Nevada to do so in this case is derived merely from their power to obstruct. Nevada may stay out of the six-state compact; both may resort to the courts. But, in view of the weight of legal opinion which has already been rendered on their contentions, it is inconceivable that they could win in the end. Indeed, they might easily lose advantages already offered them. Those of their citizens, who have been enticed into supporting the extravagant demands by rash promises, would do well to check the local political forces which have been unleashed, while there is still time. And all those who are interested in upholding the prestige of state autonomy against "federal bureaucracy" would do well to note that the federal power is inevitably enlarged by case after case of this kind, in which state governments are unable or unwilling to do anything but play for particularistic advantage at the public expense.

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Free Speech in Fascist Italy

IN THE days of buggies and bicycles, men used to believe in freedom of speech and of the press as something absolute, ultimate and beyond question. They imagined that free and open discussion led to the discovery of truth. They so misread their history as to draw from it the conclusion that the forcible suppression of ideas and opinions had always been a vain procedure. The word "propaganda" was to them a dictionary word with which their virginal minds had as yet associated no deep and harrowing experience. Interference with the expression of opinion, then, seemed to be something monstrous, like sending the police to break up a Socratic symposium.

Today, interference with the free transmission of thought has come to seem natural and necessary. We no longer envisage the press as the conductor of a symposium in which ideas confront each other; rather we look upon it as a Pied Piper in possession of an irresistibly seductive power. Who would have blamed the police of Hamlin had they arrested the piper when he was on the point of leading the children out of the town? Freedom of opinion has ceased to be a dogma, and has become a problem—the problem of how far it is wise and practicable to make use of the authority of the state in governing writing and speech. Whether governments assume a basis of dictatorship or one of democracy, they must in some way make terms with the problem of press control. For this reason, the experience of Fascist Italy may be of interest to America.

In the Fascist system the control of the press is openly accepted as a function of the government. The result is a well disciplined journalism that will swing at the word of command from extreme Francophobia to a visionary enthusiasm for Latin solidarity. The key-words of the Fascist philosophy —discipline, hierarchy, Italianity, etc.—are rung into the discussion of every problem. In this control there is no reign of terror. It is no longer necessary to send out the *squadristi* to flog recalcitrant editors, because there are no more recalcitrant editors. If a humble newswriter gives offense, he simply loses his job. Occasionally a prefect will suspend a small provincial paper, as in the case of the Azione Giovanile of Milan, which made the mistake of commenting too favorably upon the Pope's interpretation of the Lateran treaties. But, in general, things seem to run of themselves; the adjustment to the new regime has been made; the present situation can therefore be regarded as stabilized.

The currents of opposition to Fascism define themselves without making use of the press. The only written means of communication which remains accessible to them is the public lavatory. Here, and here only, is it possible to see written out *"Morte al Duce," "Vive Matteotti."* One hears vaguely of workmen in the poorer quarters of the city who pray for the death of Mussolini. But that is only rumor. The written documents are the privy walls. And of these, it is interesting to note, one of the most heavily inscribed in the whole city of Rome is to be found at the Royal University.

Much more spirited and intelligent than these crude texts are the anecdotes, rhymes, epigrams and songs which are bootlegged all over Italy by word of mouth. The Fascist pin, worn on the coat lapel, bears prominently the initials P. N. F. —*Partito Nazionale Fascista.* Anti-Fascist satirists explain that the letters mean *"Per Necessita Finanziere"*—for financial necessity. There is a way in which the Fascist salute, the Roman gesture with arm extended forward, can be brought around with a full swing to bring the hand to the mouth in a pantomime of eating. "They have good appetites, the Fascisti," is the accompanying remark. There are parodies of Fascist songs. There is also a very pretty little lyric, apparently innocent of political meaning, which has come to be interpreted generally as an anti-Fascist song:

Non te rabiare!
La vita e breve,
Cio non si deve
Dimenticare,
E la ricetta
La piu perfetta
Per arrivare
A lunga eta.

(Do not fly into a rage. Life is short, and don't forget it. This is the most perfect recipe for attaining old age.

What hostility do the Fascisti read in this song? Some declare that the warning "life is short" is addressed to them as a hint that their regime will be transitory; others, with better reason, object to the phrase about flying into a rage. It seems to mock the noblest attitudes of the party, and make a sport of righteous indignation. The song is everywhere acknowledged to have political significance. And yet one often hears its lilting melody rising from some courtyard or from the back of a shop.

More bitter are the rhymed tirades, such as the one beginning:

Mussolini mentisce;
Il Re non capisce;

and running through a long series of rhymes to the final *"Quando finisce?"* "The King does not un-

'derstand; Mussolini tells lies . . . when will it end?"

There are also many anecdotes and witticisms against Mussolini, Turati or other Fascist magnates. These stories circulate much as indecent stories are circulated in America. The raconteur takes a few elementary precautions to make sure that no Fascist is present and then launches out like any smoking-car hero, "Have you heard this one?"

Opposition of this kind necessarily keeps underground. It has but one way of making a public demonstration—and that is by shouting for the King. There was a time when the people would applaud the "Royal March" so much more enthusiastically than they would cheer the Fascist hymn that it became a practice not to play the two pieces in a way that would invite comparison. The order was then issued that neither the "Royal March" nor "Giovanezza" could be played at any public celebration without the permission of the prefect.

This opposition element has no program. Its criticism is unchanneled and irresponsible. Its complaints are of the things that are probably beyond the power of any government in Italy to alter: high taxes, low wages, high prices, hard living conditions. It looks upon the Fascisti, not as spiritual regenerators of Italy, but as a privileged organization of politicians. It listens to Fascist rhetoric with tongue in cheek. And it is equally out of touch with the rhetoric of the anti-Fascisti in Paris. It constitutes no effective menace to the existing regime, but serves as a mute challenge of which the Fascisti are constantly aware, and because of which they still walk with chip on shoulder.

From the standpoint of the government, criticism of this kind is neither dangerous nor useful. And Mussolini would like to encourage some kind of open criticism which could be used—provided he could keep it within bounds. In his speech of September 14, he drew a chalk line and told the critics not to step over it:

> Does dictatorship mean the hermetical sealing of every channel through which debate and criticism can filter? Certainly not. In one class there are the fundamental directives of the revolution. Concerning these, discussion is unnecessary, or, if necessary, must be carried on with extreme discretion and in the appropriate place. . . . In the other class are the administrative affairs and services of the state. The world will not fall, and even less the regime, if the great central administrative offices of the state, or the subsidiary authorities, should be, as they have heretofore been, the objects of criticism and discussion by competent persons.

The kind of criticism that is indicated as legitimate in this declaration of principles is exemplified at its lowest level by a certain cartoon in the Travaso del Idee, at its highest level by the discussion of the problem of factory trustees and the criticism of the new penal code.

The cartoon in the Travaso del Idee made a trivial but none the less effective criticism of the tramway service in Rome. To show how inadequate was the service offered upon line No. 25, the artist portrayed in a comic strip the adventures of a citizen who had purchased a potted plant, but who was forced to wait so long for car No. 25 that the plant had become a tree, and his wife had fainted in despair, before he got home. Immediately after the publication of this cartoon, a whole flock of cars appeared with freshly painted numbers on run No. 25.

The question of the factory trustees or *fiduciari di fabbrica* was a fundamental problem of Fascist policy. It gave rise to a full-dress debate between the labor press, led by the Lavoro Fascista, and the conservative press captained by the Tribuna and the Giornale d'Italia. The issue was a trial of strength between the employer element and the syndicalist element in the Fascist system. Its result was the creation of a new institution. The debate went on in the light of day, with real blows given and taken.

The labor syndicates were trying to regularize in the industrial system the status of elected workmen's representatives who should mediate between the individual workman and the syndical organizations, protecting the rights of the former. The employers saw in these *fiduciari di fabbrica* the return of the old labor councils which had once dictated factory policies in pre-Fascist days. They feared that the discipline of the factories would be destroyed, and the employer placed at a disadvantage in every dispute, because the *fiduciari* would be invested with public authority, while the proprietor himself lacked official status. It was the thesis of the Lavoro Fascista that the rights of labor promised in the Charter of Labor could only be defended in practice by means of some such agency as the institution of *fiduciari*. While the debate was still in progress, the syndicates went right on setting up the new institution. Every issue of the Lavoro Fascista contained announcements of meetings at which *fiduciari* were to be elected.

The question was settled by a compromise which met the demands publicly set forth by the labor group without endangering the employers' interests as these had been defined by the conservative journals. Instead of a unilateral arrangement which would give the workmen an authoritative representative, whereas the employer had none, there was to be a system of committees of conciliation, with a representative of labor and a representative of the employers upon each committee. The new institution was insured against developing toward a labor council by the provision that it could not take cognizance of matters arising in a shop in which either the labor or employer representative was directly interested.

In the course of the debate, there were certain postulates which no one questioned. There was, of course, no adverse comment on the Fascist system as a whole. No one defended the idea that

labor should have a voice in the discipline of the shop. Both parties asserted that the interests of laborers and employers were identical, and that the dispute was utterly removed from any trace of the idea of the class struggle. No one denied that the workman should have his rights under the Charter of Labor protected by public authority. The field of permissible discussion was thus clearly staked out, and when the compromise solution appeared, both sides gave it an official welcome.

As the discussion of the question of *fiduciari di fabbrica* revealed the limits of serious public debate that are set by the Fascist system, so the drafting of the new Penal Code and the Code of Penal Procedure illustrates what the Fascisti mean by "the criticism of competent persons," and how they make provision for receiving such criticism.

In October, 1927, there was printed the draft of the new Penal Code, upon which Alfredo Rocco, Minister of Justice, had worked for a year. In November, 1927, this draft was laid before a large commission of experts, which was asked to give the document "a profound and detailed examination . . . with all the observations, criticisms and proposals which the commission may wish to make." The draft was also circulated by the government among the law courts, the bar associations, the law faculties of the universities, and among many other associations, with the same request. When the commission had finished its study and the various organizations had sent in their criticisms, this material was published by the Ministry. A second period of criticism is now in progress, in which the whole collection of criticisms and opinions, published in eight large folio volumes, is being digested by any "competent persons" who wish to make a study of the question.

The criticisms certainly do not take the form of indiscriminate approval. Note, for instance, the type of criticism offered upon the article of the draft relating to birth control:

> Art. 532: Whoever publicly incites to practices against procreation and carries on propaganda in favor thereof, is punished with imprisonment not exceeding one year and with a fine not exceeding twenty thousand lira.
>
> The same penalty applies to one who, for purposes of gain, furnishes the means of preventing fertilization, unless these objects are furnished for prophylactic purposes.

On this article the Bar Association (Royal Commission of Advocates) of Trieste and Istria made the following comment:

> This article is too severe, and at the same time too vague. Most of the contraceptive devices are at the same time prophylactic, whether they prevent contagion or prevent a procreation which, in certain conditions of the health of one of the persons involved, may be a source of grave danger.
>
> To render it necessary to prove to a pharmacist the existence of a prophylactic reason (and in what way—by a medical certificate?) before purchasing a protective device would increase immeasurably the possibility of venereal infection.
>
> The Commission proposes the suppression of this article.

But expert criticism, like public debate, recognizes certain limits which it does not overstep. There is no mention, for example, of rights of individuals, or of personal liberty. Criticisms are clothed in language which defers to all the linguistic prejudices of Fascism against these expressions. The philosophy of Fascism is excluded from discussion by the terms of reference.

It remains to be seen how long it will be possible to maintain life and strength in a philosophy which everyone is trying to define and no one is permitted to criticize in a hostile spirit. Fascism began its life without a doctrine, and with a prejudice against doctrinaires. But when it opened its ranks to socialists, syndicalists, nationalists and professional local politicians, it also let in the doctrine-makers, who set to work at once cultivating and hybridizing myths and dogmas. The result is a hot-house philosophy, which must be guarded from exposure, even to so mild an atmosphere as Croce's thought. There is much writing, but little reading, of books on Fascist doctrine. And the doctrine itself tends to degenerate into a patter, like religious talk at the meeting of the Christian Endeavor or political theory at a D. A. R. convention. But if criticism of the "fundamental directives of the revolution" is permitted, what direction will it take? If you give the Pied Piper his pipes, what tune will he play, and who will follow him?

The more thoughtful sympathizers of the Fascist regime recognize that their principles may either degenerate without criticism, or else be mutilated by criticism. Their solution for the difficulty is time. "Wait," they say, "till the *Balilla* grows up." When a generation bred in the principles of *Fascismo* has grown to manhood, it will be possible to move the hot-house plant out into the rough weather of open criticism.

Thus, the Fascist problem of the control of opinion approaches our own. Is it possible so to fortify the minds of a generation that it can be exposed to "subversive" literature without consequences harmful to the public interest? If we exclude criticism of the fundamentals of our philosophy—be it a philosophy of democracy, or of private property, or of what you will—the philosophy dissolves into a patter. If we admit criticism, we may be compelled to see it change—or grow.

For freedom of opinion is like that woman whom, according to the legend, God gave to the first man. The man returned her to her Maker, saying, "I cannot live with her." And so she was taken away, but soon thereafter the man returned and said, "I cannot live without her."

ROBERT C. BINKLEY.

Individualism, Old and New[1]

II. *The Lost Individual*

THE DEVELOPMENT of a civilization that is outwardly corporate—or rapidly becoming so—has been accompanied by a submergence of the individual. Just how far this is true of the individual's opportunities in action, how far initiative and choice in what an individual does are restricted by the economic forces that make for consolidation, I shall not attempt to say. It is arguable that there has been a diminution of the range of decision and activity for the many along with exaggeration of opportunity of personal expression for the few. It may be contended that no one class in the past has the power now possessed by an industrial oligarchy. On the other hand, it may be held that this power of the few is, with respect to genuine individuality, specious; that those outwardly in control are in reality as much carried on by forces external to themselves as are the many; that in fact these forces impel them into a common mold to such an extent that individuality is suppressed.

What is here meant by "the lost individual" is, however, so irrelevant to this question that it is not necessary to decide between the two views. For by it is meant a moral and intellectual fact which is independent of any manifestation of power in action. The significant thing is that the loyalties which once held individuals, which gave them support, direction and unity of outlook on life, have well-nigh disappeared. In consequence, individuals are confused and bewildered. It would be difficult to find in history an epoch as lacking in solid and assured objects of belief and approved ends of action as is the present. Stability of individuality is dependent upon stable objects to which allegiance firmly attaches itself. There are, of course, those who are still militantly fundamentalist in religious and social creed. But their very clamor is evidence that the tide is set against them. For the others, traditional objects of loyalty have become hollow or are openly repudiated, and they drift without sure anchorage. Individuals vibrate between a past that is intellectually too empty to give stay and a present that is too diversely crowded and chaotic to afford balance and direction to ideas and emotion.

Assured and integrated individuality is the product of definite social relationships and publicly acknowledged functions. Judged by this standard, even those who seem to be in control, and to carry the expression of their special individual abilities to a high pitch, are submerged. They may be captains of finance and industry, but until there is some consensus of belief as to the meaning of finance and industry in civilization as a whole, they cannot be captains of their own souls—their beliefs and aims. They exercise leadership surreptitiously and, as it were, absent-mindedly. They lead, but it is under cover of impersonal and socially undirected economic forces. Their reward is found not in what they do, in their social office and function, but in a deflection of social consequences to private gain. They receive the acclaim and command the envy and admiration of the crowd, but that is also composed of private individuals who are equally lost to a sense of social bearings and uses.

The explanation is found in the fact that while their acts promote corporate and collective results, these results are outside their intent and irrelevant to that reward of satisfaction which comes from a sense of social fullfilment. To themselves and to others, their business is private and its outcome is private profit. No complete satisfaction is possible where such a split exists. Hence the absence of a sense of social value is made up for by an exacerbated acceleration of the activities that increase private advantage and power. One cannot look into the inner consciousness of his fellows, but if there is any general degree of inner contentment on the part of those who form our pecuniary oligarchy, the evidence is sadly lacking. As for the many, they are impelled hither and yon by forces beyond their control.

The most marked feature of present civilization is insecurity. This affects the small merchant and the farmer as well as the day laborer. Fear of loss of employment, of economic damage, of old age, for oneself and one's family, is so general that men live in a state of precarious anxiety. The orgy of the recent stock market is a natural product of a blind hope of finding some way of escape from a hemmed-in life. Where all is uncertain, why not take a chance of turning uncertainty to account? If I dwell upon the element of insecurity in modern life, it is because, in spite of all that is written about unemployment, its emotional and mental effect does not seem to me to have begun to receive the attention it deserves. It is hopeless to look for mental stability and integration when the economic bases of life are unsettled. That the very technological forces which make for consolidation and corporateness are so disturbing to the peace and security of individuals is, it seems to me, an apt symbol for the split which I am trying to point out.

The unrest, impatience, irritation and hurry that are so marked in American life are inevitable ac-

[1] This is the second of a series of articles by Dr. Dewey. The third will appear in an early issue, and will be entitled "Toward a New Individualism."

companiments of a situation in which individuals do not find support and contentment in the fact that they are sustaining and sustained members of a social whole. They are evidence, psychologically, of abnormality, and it is as idle to seek for their explanation within the deliberate intent of individuals as it is futile to think that they can be got rid of by hortatory moral appeal. Only an acute maladjustment between individuals and the social conditions under which they live can account for phenomena which are on such a pathological scale.

I should explain a seeming hypocrisy on the same ground. We are not consciously insincere in our professions of devotion to ideals of "service"; they mean something. Neither the Rotarian nor the big business enterprise uses the term merely as a cloak for "putting something over" which makes for pecuniary gain. But the lady doth protest too much. The current professions testify to a sense of a social function of business which is expressed in words because it is so lacking in fact, and yet which is felt to be rightfully there. If our external combinations in industrial activity were reflected in organic integrations of the desires, purposes and satisfactions of individuals, the verbal protestations would disappear, because social utility would be a matter of course.

Some persons hold that a genuine mental counterpart of the outward social scheme is actually forming. Our prevailing mentality, our "ideology," is said to be that of the "business mind" which has become so deplorably pervasive. Are not the prevailing standards of value those derived from pecuniary success and economic prosperity? Were the answer unqualifiedly in the affirmative, we should have to admit that our outer civilization is attaining an inner culture which corresponds to it, however much we might disesteem the quality of that culture. The objection that such a condition is impossible, since man cannot live by bread, by material prosperity alone, is tempting, but it may be said to beg the question. The conclusive answer is that the business mind is not itself unified. It is divided within itself and must remain so as long as the results of industry as the determining force in life are corporate and collective while its animating motives and compensations are so unmitigatedly private. A unified mind, even of the business type, can come into being only when conscious intent and consummation are in harmony with consequences actually effected. This statement expresses conditions so psychologically assured that it may be termed a law of mental integrity. Proof of the existence of the split is found in the fact that while there is much planning of future development with a view to dividends within large business corporations, there is no such coördinated planning of social development.

If I have spoken of the lost individual from the economic point of view, it is because our civilization is so predominantly a business civilization. But the fact is even more obvious when we turn to the political scene. It would be a waste of words to expatiate on the meaninglessness of present political platforms, parties and issues. The old-time slogans are still reiterated, and to a few these words still seem to have a real meaning. But it is too evident to need argument that on the whole our politics, as far as they are not covertly manipulated in behalf of the pecuniary advantage of groups, are in a state of confusion; issues are improvised from week to week with a constant shift of allegiance. It is impossible for individuals to find themselves politically with surety and efficiency under such conditions. Political apathy broken by recurrent sensations and spasms is the natural outcome.

The lack of secure objects of allegiance, without which individuals are lost, is especially striking in the case of the liberal. The liberalism of the past was characterized by the possession of a definite intellectual creed and program; that was its distinction from conservative parties which needed no formulated outlook beyond defense of things as they were. In contrast, liberals operated on the basis of a thought-out social philosophy, a theory of politics sufficiently definite and coherent to be easily translated into a program of policies to be pursued. Liberalism today is hardly more than a temper of mind, vaguely called forward-looking, but quite uncertain as to where to look and what to look forward to. For many individuals, as well as in its social results, this fact is hardly less than a tragedy. The tragedy may be unconscious for the mass, but they show its reality in their aimless drift, while the more thoughtful are consciously disturbed. For human nature is self-possessed only as it has objects to which it can attach itself.

I have thus far made no reference to what many persons would consider the most serious and the most overtly evident of all the modes of loss of secure objects of loyalty—religion. It is probably easy to exaggerate the extent of the decadence of religion in an outward sense, church membership, church-going and so on. But it is hardly possible to overstate its decline as a vitally integrative and directive force in men's thought and sentiments. Whether even in the ages of the past that are called religious, religion was itself the actively central force that it is sometimes said to have been may be doubted. But it cannot be doubted that it was the symbol of the existence of conditions and forces that gave unity and a center to men's views of life. It at least gathered together in weighty and shared symbols a sense of the objects to which men were so attached as to have support and stay in their outlook on life.

So little is this true of the present, that there are those who urge that in order to obtain a recovery of a sense of a center and totality in life, we must begin with a regeneration of religion in

the individual consciousness. But aside from the fact that there is no consensus as to what a new religious attitude is to center itself about, the injunction puts the cart before the horse. Religion is not so much a root of unity as it is its flower or fruit. The very attempt to secure integration for the individual, and through him for society, by means of a deliberate and conscious cultivation of religion, is itself proof of how far the individual has become lost through detachment from acknowledged social values. It is no wonder that when the appeal does not take the form of dogmatic fundamentalism, it tends to terminate in either some form of esoteric occultism or private estheticism. The sense of wholeness which is urged as the essence of religion can be built up and sustained only through membership in a society which has attained a degree of unity. The attempt to cultivate it first in individuals and then extend it to form an organically unified society is fantasy. Indulgence in this fantasy infects such interpretations of American life as are found, to take one signal example, in Waldo Frank's "The Rediscovery of America."[1] It marks a manner of yearning and not a principle of construction.

For the idea that the outward scene is chaotic because of the machine, which is a principle of chaos, and that it will remain so until individuals reinstitute wholeness within themselves, simply reverses the true state of things. The outward scene, if not fully organized, is relatively so in the corporateness which the machine and its technology have produced; the inner man is the jungle which can be subdued to order only as the forces of organization at work in externals are reflected in corresponding patterns of thought, imagination and emotion. The sick cannot heal themselves by means of their disease, and disintegrated individuals can achieve unity only as the dominant energies of community life are incorporated to form their minds. If these energies were, in reality, mere strivings for private pecuniary gain, the case would indeed be hopeless. But they are constituted by a collective art of technology, which individuals merely deflect to their private ends. There are the beginnings of an objective order in which individuals may find themselves.

I have not touched upon the more conspicuous phases of the contemporary scene—the relaxation of traditional moral codes, the frantic search for amusements, the combination of multiplication of laws with free and easy law-breaking, the disintegration of the traditional household as the focus of civic order, the passing of the institution of stable marriage, and so on. These instances of the flux in which individuals are loosened from the ties which once gave order and support to their lives are glaring, but they are so glaring that they are superficial symptoms of deeper disorder. Individuals are blindly groping their way through situations which they do not direct and which do not give them direction, because the beliefs and ideals that are uppermost in their consciousness are not relevant to the society in which they outwardly act and which constantly reacts upon them. Their conscious ideas and standards are inherited from an age that has passed away; their minds, as far as consciously entertained principles and methods of interpretation are concerned, are at odds with actual conditions. This profound split is the cause of distraction and bewilderment.

Individuals will refind themselves only as their ideas and ideals are brought into harmony with the realities of the corporate age in which they act. The task of attaining this harmony is not an easy one. But it is more negative than it seems, more negative than positive. If we could inhibit the principles and standards that are merely traditional, if we could slough off the opinions that have no living relationship to the situations in which we live, the unavowed forces that now work upon us unconsciously but unremittingly would have a chance to build minds after their own pattern, and individuals would, in consequence, find themselves in possession of objects to which imagination and emotion could stably attach themselves.

JOHN DEWEY.

[1] After a brilliant exposition of the dissolution of the European synthesis, he goes on to say "man's need of order and his making of order are his science, his art, his religion; and these are all to be referred to the initial sense of order called the self," quite oblivious of the fact that this doctrine of the primacy of the self is precisely a reaction of the romantic and subjective age to the dissolution he has depicted, having its meaning only in that dissolution.

Song for March

Between the Lion and the Lamb,
  Between the snowdrops and the snow,
Hot horses and cold unicorns
  And sobbing wild geese go.

Someone has left the fold unlocked
  Where the morning stars began,
The white rams of the hurricanes
  Push down the walls for man.

Someone has left the furnace door
  Open on fierce and secret flame,
A light strikes up along the clouds
  That puts the swans to shame.

Heavy with jewels of their spawn
  The herring know and heed their time
And climb the slippery, moving stairs
  No bird would dare to climb.

Jet and amber, sleet and shine
  Changeable as any girls,
The box of God is broken now,
  And all the world runs pearls!

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

Will Hollywood Move to Broadway?

HOLLYWOOD is full of building activity. That, of course, is nothing new. Ever since the first movie camera was set up on the "lot," the town has been spreading in all directions. Even the hills to the north have been hollowed out and honeycombed with houses after the manner of an Indian pueblo. Low buildings are being replaced by high ones, the highest being, significantly enough, bank buildings. The streets like the films grow daily bigger and better, although at the expense of the palm and pepper trees which long gave Hollywood its character.

With the situation what it is in the moving picture industry, however, one can't help but regard all this building activity somewhat uneasily. That the talkies may kill the goose which lays Hollywood's golden eggs is an idea by no means too fantastic to be entertained. Hollywood may easily move back to Broadway. Close to New York are some dilapidated buildings which serve as a reminder that Fort Lee was once a flourishing moving picture center. Why, then, did the film folk migrate to California? Because California offered them many photographic advantages. First and foremost, it offered them sunlight, and sunlight before the development of Cooper-Hewitts and Kliegs was an elemental necessity to the movies. The sun's actinic rays were more powerful in California than in the East, and continued to be so for a longer period of the day. Outdoor sets could be built without fear of rain, and the sun could be depended upon to light them month after month.

Undoubtedly California had climate. In addition California had space, another crying need in those early days of "Westerns" and huge spectacle productions. These things California still has, but they are no longer important in the business of making moving pictures. Artificial lighting has been perfected to such a degree that "sun arcs" and "spots" are actually better for photographic purposes than natural sunshine. As for space, now that the subject matter of the talkies is identical with the subject matter of the stage, the settings require no vaster space than that which is bridged by the proscenium arch of any theater. It would seem that the invention which gave a voice to the screen at the same time, alas, cut off its legs. To a microphone-ridden industry great open spaces mean nothing. Nothing at all.

But even if the talkies were not definitely committed to photographing stage material which is by nature static, there is another factor in production development which has substantially reduced the need for vast space. That factor is the perfection of miniature photography. "Going on location" is no longer the essential procedure it once was. If limitless desert and forest and sea are wanted, they are painted on tiny pieces of glass and photographed close to the lens of the camera, which magnifies them into a most convincing reality. Columbus discovered America, for screen purposes, with a "Niña," a "Pinta" and a "Santa Maria" which could be measured between the thumb and the forefinger. Many a whaling yarn is literally the tale of a tub. Progress in this department of photography may be estimated by the fact that for "Robin Hood" there was erected a forty-foot wall which could be seen all over Hollywood. For "The Student Prince" there was built a Heidelberg which stood exactly twelve inches high.

The physical needs of the studios have undoubtedly changed since that early exodus to California. But had not their story needs changed also, there would be no question of not continuing out there. Inertia, if nothing else, would keep them where they have always been. The fact of the matter, however, is that both the subject matter and the personnel of the movies have changed over night. Formerly, Hollywood was more or less self-sufficient. It was composed largely of people who had trekked to California, thrown in their lot with the films, and settled down permanently to work, to experiment and to express themselves in what was an entirely independent form of entertainment. Now and then they would reach out and buy some piece of material which had appeared originally as drama or fiction, but they immediately transformed it into the image and likeness of the movies, heaven knows they did. Occasionally they would win a new recruit. Some novelist or dramatist would go movie and be absorbed forthwith into the industry. But, with the advent of the talkies, it is no longer a case of writers going movie. It is a case of all Hollywood rising up as a single unit and going Broadway. From being a separate medium, the movies have suddenly identified themselves with the stage. The result is that while the need for California has become negligible, the need for Broadway has become acute. It is not alone dramatists with stage hits or actors with perfect diction who are in demand. Along with these, the talkies have imported to Hollywood songwriters, hoofers, vaudeville teams, night-club entertainers, gagmen and Metropolitan Opera stars. The Broadway which for nine months has been lending its population to the talkies may be construed to include both Tin Pan Alley and Carnegie Hall.

For there is no gainsaying it: the talkies are quite music mad. Perhaps it is because the public, nurtured on jazz and radio, is also music mad and producers are anxious to meet the popular taste. Or perhaps it is because producers feel that they

have in music a universal language, a sort of screen Esperanto intelligible both in Peoria and Peking. Again, it may be that music is the most emotional of all the arts, and so can be relied upon to cover up with sentiment any deficiencies in the working out of the plot. Whatever the reasons, the fact remains that scarcely a picture is produced without musical interpolation of some sort.

With all this insistence on music, the possibility that Hollywood may move to Broadway becomes a less remote contingency. Ambitious producers talk of filming the operas and recording the symphonies as well as reproducing current Broadway stage successes. But why go three thousand miles to do that? The quickest route to California is slow to those who reckon their day by a thousand dollars. An actor appearing in a current attraction could not take an airplane to Hollywood in order to make a talkie on a day that he happened not to have a matinee, but he could take a taxi to a studio somewhere in the vicinity of Times Square. It seems unintelligent to wait until the show closes, the cast has been dispersed, and the spirit of the success has faded, and then try to reassemble the cast and resuscitate the spirit of the play three thousand miles from Broadway. A vacation may mean that an actor now has time to travel to California, but it may also mean that he is too tired to act when he gets there. A summer which follows the rigors of a Broadway season is no time in which to do one's best work. Nor is a summer in Southern California a time to do any sort of work. The normal heat is uncomfortably augmented by the conditions under which talking films must be photographed. Production goes forward inside of soundproof studios which bar not only the outside sounds, but the outside air. Heavy carpeting, double doors and the smothering effect of woven asbestos are soundproof precautions which cannot be abandoned no matter how high the mercury may rise. And added to the lack of fresh air is the utterly superfluous and gratuitous heat thrown off by the blazing artificial lights without which photography cannot proceed. The temperature, which in Hollywood is apt to be ninety-eight or a hundred in the shade, if there is any shade, climbs to a hundred and ten in the soundproof, airproof studios. The imported Broadway talent is not used to this. Natives assure them that presently their blood will get thin and they won't mind the heat. But before this change can take place, their work in the talkies will have to be done. So they struggle along doing their best, which is apt to prove, under the circumstances, not particularly good.

Even if the weather should be fairly moderate, there is still insufficient time between movie and theatrical engagements for these actors and dramatists to accustom themselves to their new surroundings. The limited length of time that they can spare to the talkies has often made it necessary to work both night and day. It is no uncommon thing for the studios to operate on three eight-hour shifts, the one between midnight and morning being facetiously referred to as the grave-yard shift, not so much because of the eeriness of the hour as because of its killing character.

In spite of all this, the registers of the Hollywood hotels continue to read like the roster of the Lambs' Club or the Authors' League. There used to be two forms of entertainment and two groups of talent. Now there are still two forms of entertainment, but Broadway talent serves both; and the allegiance to two masters is good for neither.

Of course, the first step toward improving the service would be to house both masters in one locality, thus saving the time consumed in travel, the wear and tear on the sensitivity of the artists and the resultant lack of adjustment. But the one locality would have to be New York, because that something which is the nature of the theater is indigenous to Broadway, and the music mart is indigenous to Broadway, whereas the movies are not indigenous to California. It is less than twenty years since they began to tenant the lemon grove which Hollywood then was. The natives of Hollywood are not the moving picture industry; they merely serve it. They feed it, they clothe it, they house it, and they make it beautiful. The industry itself is a trouper. If it sees a chance for a better stand somewhere else, it will pull up stakes and move forthwith.

Such a move for most of its members would not be an exodus so much as a matter of just going home. The executives would go home to Wall Street and the actors would go home to the Green Room. As for Hollywood, the fact that the industry came there at all to buy homes and gladden the hearts of the real-estate subdividers should be enough for the local Chamber of Commerce. The Movies gave and the Movies have taken away. Hollywood wouldn't be the first town to be developed and then abandoned by industry; nor would it be the first expensive "set" that the film folk have built, used briefly, and then demolished.

But more important than the effect of the move on Hollywood would be its effect on Broadway. Pessimists, anticipating it, are already declaring that the talkies will empty the legitimate theatre and reduce all entertainment to the lowest common denominator of intelligence. But I am inclined to think that the talkies will stimulate rather than annihilate the stage play. In the first place, the talkies have declared themselves as being interested only in proved successes. They want nothing but what has already gained popular acclaim. They are determined themselves to be successful, and to that end they shun like the plague new ideas and untried pieces which may turn out to be failures and so discredit their own popularity. If later the market value of the new ideas and untried pieces goes up, then the talkies will consider taking them on. They can afford to pay for the best.

Meantime the best, before it can become so, must have its experimental stage. Undiscovered

talent, experimenters with new ideas, have to find some medium of expression. Formerly the theater was too solidly established to offer any hope to these eager pioneers. It was the movies, themselves insecure, that gave untried talent a chance. Now the situation is reversed. The movies, affluent and scornful, have taken the attitude of a wealthy book collector who wants only rare first editions, the market value of which is beyond dispute. They will not gamble on new authors as publishers and stage producers must. Since the invention of sound, they seem to have lost all ambition to develop the camera language as an independent means of expression. They are content to be to the art of the drama what the phonograph is to the art of music: a reproducing medium. There is no creative art in them. The essentials of the cinema, fluidity and rhythm, mass composition, scenic progression and the plastic use of light, have no part in the new movies. Patterns have been scrapped in favor of dialogue and symbols have been replaced by speech.

But perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the talkies have identified themselves with the proved successes of the legitimate theater. They have put themselves in the position of picking off the finest fruits of theatrical talent. Fruits are, of course, a substantial and material harvest. Yet, often, they are less attractive than the preceding flowering. And it may be better for the art of the drama that the movies concern themselves only with the fruit and allow talent to flower in the theater. Art needs individuality, and the stage, if not exactly a one-man show, has certainly less of mass production about it than the films. The talkies, by absorbing the headliners of the stage and those whose artistic ambition has already become dulled by commercial success, will leave the theater free for experimentation. If necessary, they will actively contribute to that experimentation.

For these moving picture producers are, first and last, showmen. And they realize that the best showmanship consists in seizing upon that which is at the height of popular favor, using it, and passing on to that which has still fresher appeal. Furthermore, they are beginning to realize that the natural background of a success has usually contributed substantially to it. If this were not the case, they would continue to transplant Broadway. They would put all the dramatic and musical talent in the world under contract to work in Hollywood. To movie capital nothing is impossible. But they know that it would be defeating their own ends to reduce the Theater Guild to the status of a local stock company or to make the Boston Symphony a hired orchestra on the "lot." They want to pursue new talent rather than put any talent permanently under contract. Industries, like animals, follow their food supply. The moving picture industry is no exception, and, at the moment, although its buildings and equipment may be in the West, its raw materials are certainly in the East.

FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON.

Washington Notes

VARIOUS Democratic and Progressive Drys, personally hostile to Mr. Hoover and suspicious of his motives, are now embarked upon a little inquiry of their own. They are seeking to discover whether the President, now engaged in an earnest effort to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment through the Volstead Act as it has not been previously enforced, has ever publicly or privately expressed himself more favorably toward prohibition than during his presidential campaign, when he referred to it as an experiment "noble in purpose." In the Wet and Dry debate, now temporarily sidetracked by the tariff, but certain to receive its full share of attention in the Senate from about the middle of March till the summer adjournment, the personal attitude of Mr. Hoover, not toward enforcement, but toward prohibition itself, will, I am told, be given more attention than ever before. It is the avowed purpose of some Senators with whom I have talked to smoke him out on this subject at the present session if they do nothing else. Their contention is that he has never been outspoken about his views on prohibition, and that he owes it to the American people to be frank. Here he is, they say, calling upon Congress for revolutionary changes in the enforcement machinery, insisting upon the sacred duty of law observance and the obligation of every citizen to obey the Constitution, without ever having expressed an opinion as to the basic wisdom of the particular proposition to the enforcement of which he is devoting his energies.

They concede that as President of the United States he cannot do less than stand for enforcement of this and all other laws. At the same time he could, in the present crusade, do a great deal more if simultaneously with his appeal for observance he declared his personal belief in the righteousness and wisdom of the thing itself. This, say my senatorial friends, he never has done. And if they can bring it about before the end of the fight over the seven recommendations of his Law Enforcement Commission now pending in Congress, he will be put in a corner where he will have to declare himself unequivocally one way or the other. In brief, the idea is that Mr. Hoover profited by the Dry support in his presidential campaign and is supported by the Dry forces now without himself being at heart a prohibitionist. There is not, of course, the least intimation that he, like one of his predecessors now dead, is himself a violator of the law. Even his most poisonous foe has never cherished that idea. What they do insist, however, is that Mr. Hoover, while committed to the Dry cause and convinced that the nation is better off without liquor, is not convinced that the experiment "noble in purpose" was by any means wise or practical in conception. At least he is not on record as believing so. On the contrary, one Senator who seems particularly determined to make the President "speak out" has resurrected a printed remark alleged to have been uttered by Mr. Hoover in 1918, which conveys the notion that prohibition was a matter which, to say the least, did not arouse unbridled enthusiasm within his breast.

"If," runs this 1918 Hoover quotation, "the American people wants prohibition, it should prohibit by legislation

to that end and not force the Food Administration to the responsibility for an orgy of drunkenness. It is mighty difficult to get drunk on 2.75 percent beer."

Of course, the idea of the hostile Dry Senators in this plan to force Mr. Hoover to make a clearer declaration of his affection, if any, for the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act is to embarrass him. In this they will naturally have the coöperation of the Wets in both House and Senate. Whether they will get from Mr. Hoover a statement of his personal beliefs other than he has made depends upon the degree to which they put him on the defensive. If the attack is a sporadic one, coming from a few individual Senators, it will get nowhere. It will then seem a mere piece of anti-Hoover politics to which no special importance attaches. On the other hand, should those who are now giving thought to the scheme succeed in carrying out their idea of making the demand for a Hoover statement come from a considerable number of Dry Senators representing both parties and all factions, it would take on a dignity which could hardly be ignored. It would then appear much more than partisanship or personal antagonism, and regardless of what he does or says, it would probably put Mr. Hoover at a disadvantage. If he declared himself to be an earnest believer in the wisdom of prohibition as a constitutional mandate, it would be contended that he had been forced to do so. If he did not so declare himself and took an equivocal ground, or if he intimated doubt as to the supreme intelligence of the Amendment, I leave to your imagination the terrific din that would ensue.

This plan to compel poor Herbert to "come clean" on prohibition in a way neither Coolidge nor Harding ever did is an illustration of the difference in feeling among politicians in Congress toward him and toward them. The antagonism is much more acute. This is due in the first place, I suppose, to the fact that Mr. Hoover is much more forceful than either Harding or Coolidge and is really putting his weight behind the enforcement machinery with the determination of making it work if possible; and in the second place to his curious ineptness in his personal contacts with politicians, who irritate him with their refusal to be logical and their local limitations which, never having had, he finds hard to understand. Those close to Mr. Hoover sense this personal attack on his Volstead sincerity coming. Some of them believe it would be a smart move to anticipate it with a presidential statement. Others think this would be a mistake. They argue that Mr. Hoover's sincerity as a Dry is amply and adequately attested by his acts, and that further words are not needed. He has, they insist, the full confidence of the Drys, and no senatorial attack from men known to be personally and politically hostile to him will be effective.

Whether he believed in the wisdom of the Eighteenth Amendment at the start is a matter of no consequence. The important thing now is that recognizing talk of its repeal as purely academic, he is earnestly and whole-heartedly supporting it, determined to do everything possible as a President and as a man to render it effective. This fact is too obvious and too well known, his friends say, to make effective any effort to challenge his sincerity. They think —or say they do—that such a senatorial attack would prove a boomerang. Nevertheless, the White House is slightly perturbed over the prospect. The thought there is that it is bad enough to have to contend with criticism and bitterness engendered by a real enforcement effort without having Mr. Hoover's personal sincerity questioned. All I have to say is that if he is going to permit little things like that to upset him, he is going to have an increasingly unhappy time in the presidency. The questioning of the presidential sincerity is an inevitable accompaniment of presidential activity. Any president who is so sensitive as to let that sort of thing annoy him is lessening his effectiveness. Mr. Hoover ought to know enough politics by this time to consider it as part of the day's work, as much to be expected from his opponents as applause from his friends. He ought not to be bothered because his critics accuse him of insincerity—he ought to be glad they cannot prove it on him.

As to his personal views on the basic wisdom of prohibition, I know little more than anyone else. Senator Carter Glass has offered $1,000 to anyone who can prove that Mr. Hoover has ever publicly said a single word in favor of the Volstead Act, and so far not a single claimant for the prize has appeared, though that ardent Dry and administration supporter, Senator Capper of Kansas, says he is "going after it." Some years ago, long before he was nominated for President, I recall that one of Mr. Hoover's most intimate friends told me that "the Chief" regarded prohibition as perhaps a moral failure, but a great economic success which could be demonstrated in a hundred ways. Furthermore, he thought that despite bootlegging and general law violation, there was unquestionably vastly less drinking under prohibition than before. I do not vouch for this myself, but it did come in such a way as to make me accept it then as the actual Hoover view—and I still do. One thing I have noticed since last November is that when Mr. Hoover discusses the question informally he refers to "the Drys" and to "the Wets" in a way to convey the idea of complete detachment. Probably this is merely typical of the engineering mind and not really significant.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Chariot

Having once entered if you then enjoin,
You have no measure of the track of love.
There is no vantage-place, no upper coign
From which to judge the round and race thereof.
Can there be interval? Can there be pause?
Or can there for a winged horse be whips?
If once you have entered, there's an end of laws:
The suns and moons and stars are in eclipse.
Be careful then to know the mane you drive,
To love its curve and to let it go unbent,
To feel your body's chariot wheel alive,
To be no driver—but an instrument
Of single flight, reined only by the pound
Of phantom feet untethered to the ground.

WITTER BYNNER.

Josef Suss

Josef Suss, by Ashley Dukes, the play based on the novel by Lion Feuchtwanger. Erlanger's Theater, January 20, 1930.

I HAVE not read the celebrated novel that in the American edition was known as "Power," and in a sense I enjoy an advantage thereby with respect to the play. Taking it as a play solely, I can see that it is an intelligent outline into which the acting fits effectively; it is written with ease and taste, though without any of the tension and dark inner working that these Jewish themes must have had in the novel. The characters, especially the minor personages in the story, cannot, of course, be developed to the fulness and intricacy that a book would allow, and the stir and pain and spiritual ferocity are therefore far less. It reflects some of the difficulties of working from a foreign original in that the language, the spoken medium, while it is perfectly natural English, has not a great deal of bite and tang and thrust. As it stands "Josef Suss"—in London more wisely called Jew Suss, considering the tragic sarcasm of the hero's situation—is a play in episodes, one event after another in the life of Suss. But much more than we may have been led to think, the dramatist, by keeping well to the one subject of Suss himself, has achieved a certain genuine continuity and unity. As for the ramifications of the Jewish theme involved in Josef Suss, what his ambition means, what his own people think of it, what strong ties and bitter dregs are in him, and old, half smothered cries of passion, these elements lose much of their original power, no doubt; the whole sum of his race needed to be included in this one man in order for the play to be overwhelmingly significant and powerful, and this cannot be said to have happened. Some motives, like that of the Councillor's daughter's loving Suss, have survived from the novel without acquiring enough intelligibility as elements in the play's development.

The story of this version of Mr. Duke's begins with Karl Alexander gambling in the pump room at Wildbad, the year 1737. In the betting with the Englishman, Karl is overshot by the other's high stakes, Josef Suss steps forward and offers his purse of 20,000 florins, the luck falls to Karl, who pockets the gold, repays the Jew, and takes him into his counsels. This is the first step in the Jew's career, which includes a taxation and treasury office, immense wealth for himself and revenues for Karl, now the Duke, procuring for his master, living himself in splendor. Suss hands over the Councillor's daughter to be deflowered by the royal rake and later to be the court mistress. Her father in exchange is made president of the Council. There are committees of Jews pleading for Suss's intervention in an imprisonment of one of their brethren, there are burghers and assembly members, and so on and so on. Meanwhile Suss, in the midst of his prosperity, has a daughter whom he keeps hidden in a castle in the forest, guarded by what, on the stage at least, appears to be a very prophetic and sepulchral uncle. The Councillor finds his way to the castle and brings the Duke, by way of revenge for his own daughter's wrongs at Suss's hands. Karl orders Suss away with him to Stuttgart, himself returns, and by his assaults so terrifies the daughter that she leaps from the parapet and is killed. He offers Suss anything in his power; Suss, appearing to accept, plans a revenge, which finally comes when he betrays the Duke to the revolutionaries, or at least to the people as opposed to the army rule that has been plotted against them. The Duke dies of shock and Suss is led, rather mildly, away to prison, while the mob cries against him in the street below.

That ends the play, and what for me, at least, is no penetrating reality of any kind but an interesting story.

The production of this English importation is agreeable and, if never powerfully imaginative, never in bad taste and sometimes charming. Some of the color values and forms in Mr. Aubrey Hammond's settings were very smart and happy, the flat pink and the lay-out of the throne room for example; and many of Mr. Herbert Norris' designs were good, the Duke's especially, most of all that Louis Quinze court ballet, classical costume that he wore at Suss's ball; the Duchess' many costumes were invariably successful. Of the company the women were all fairly bad, though not burdensomely so; they had no rhythm, no style and little flexibility. Mr. Reginald Denham's directing throughout seemed excellent, the stage well planned, the scenes well varied in their mood and movement. It is not his fault that the actors as a group show so little talent, and that, despite his arrangements of them, the ensembles are quite dead—that ballroom scene, for example, came alive in sections only as there was need; the rest of it lacked all flow and stage current.

In these days of no training for the theater it is interesting to note in this English production that the women's speech comes off as badly with these English actors as with our own. Their voices are less ugly in general, but so little resonance has been developed and trained into them, so little projection, that the effect is all chirpy, weak in volume and rhythm, and without carrying power or dramatic color. Miss Janet Morrison, for example, who took the role of Suss's young daughter—the brevity, or whatever one may call it, with which she ended her tones and rendered her concluding consonants was indescribable.

Mr. Malcolm Keen gave a very fine performance of the Duke Karl Alexander, stylish, varied in effects, lusty, well accented, in perfect taste, a performance that derives from a good English tradition of acting. Mr. Ralph Truman as the Councillor was good, a well maintained performance. The Jewish roles, important in the balance of the dramatic idea, were wholly unconvincing—merely bent knees, beards and hollow voices.

Of Mr. Maurice Moscovitch, of whom no little has been written, and whose return to America, and this time to English and Broadway instead of the Yiddish theaters, considerable heralding has acclaimed, what I should say is that he has some authority and certainty on the stage, and the intention of significant meanings and emotions, not much more. What I saw him do was a performance with only a hint of force, with at times that release into emotion—as when he mourned his dead daughter—that apparently is easy for many Jewish or Russian actors, and with a certain amount of concentration of dramatic effect toward the end of the play, where the revenge motive was uppermost. As an actor, taken as a medium, he has a rather inflexible mask, not very engaging either; he has still a strong accent, often very markedly off our English rhythm; and he has a voice that is somewhat dry and not very moving or tragic or contagious. In a part that might have had its own kind of style, something of the intellectual, grotesque, passionate, cunning and tragic, all combined into one convincing quality, Mr. Moscovitch's per-

formance seemed to me to have little style of any sort, and gave me none of the pleasure that arises from power and distinction in acting.

STARK YOUNG.

A Case for Solomon

HAD the audience of the Philadelphia orchestra not hissed Mr. Stokowski's performance of Schoenberg's new "Variations" last fall, nor he lectured them for doing so; had the quarrel not spread to the papers, and letters protesting or encouraging the performance of "modern" works not rained in musical columns, Mr. Gabrilowitsch's midwinter succession to the leadership of Mr. Stokowski's orchestra would still have been an event. The two conductors are sharply contrasted types. Excellent musicians both of them, the one is all experiment and daring, the other all constancy and prudence; and their customary exchange radically alters the climate at the Philadelphia's concerts. From being bracing, tempestuous and even severe, it grows balmy to the point of somnolence. No use traveling to Florida when Mr. Gabrilowitsch makes the programs! Then and there, everything becomes *luxe, calme et volupté.*

This winter the succession, however, is more than a plain musical event. It is symbolical, thanks to the fray over the performance of polytonic and atonal music. In defying his graceless audience and asserting his intention of continuing to play Schoenberg and Varèse, Mr. Stokowski made himself representative of the libertarian point of view and of all the conductors and musicians who share it. Mr. Gabrilowitsch, who participated in the fracas with a public statement advocating the relegation of performances of new and unproven works to a special "modern" orchestra, championed the exclusive and prohibitive one embodied in his concerts and those of Mr. Kreisler, Mr. Heifetz and the majority of interpreters. What now stand before us on the podium are two conflicting conceptions.

Both claim the field of music as well as many others. The world is loud with their conflict. Each calls itself the guardian of the excellent. It will be remembered that Mr. Stokowski affirmed his intention of playing "the best music, whether of yesterday or today"; and that Mr. Gabrilowitsch also referred to "the best music," demanding that the great orchestras play nothing but works "of the most certain, tested value." To an extent, the two categories and conceptions actually coincide. Both conductors rank the music of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Brahms very high. It is probable that consideration for their audience prevents many compositions that figure on the programs of the one from reappearing on those of the other. Still, the cleavage is marked. Mr. Stokowski's category is vague and undefined, and fluid and changing. While he appears to have preferences in music, they are not fixed. Certain old favorites recur on his programs, and his passion for Bach grows more and not less intense. But unfamiliar pieces also appear and take a place on them, necessitating disestablishments and eliminations. The boundaries of his interest are forever shifting. Half-forgotten composers like Lulli and Rameau duck up at his concerts from time to time; and besides Schoenberg and Varèse, newcomers such as Stravinsky, Hindemith and Villa-Lobos are introduced there.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch's category, to all purposes, is contrastingly fixed, immutable and exclusive. Occasionally he takes on an old piece, or a "new" one; say a Scriàbine symphony or something on the order of Wetzeer's "Basque Venus." But just as Gabrilowitsch the pianist continues to play the concerti that he played many years ago in much the same way in which he played them then, so Gabrilowitsch the conductor's preferences remain practically unchanging. His favorites are almost exclusively among nineteenth-century compositions. These and their like continue to satisfy him; and farther he does not search.

And how are we to judge which of the two claimants has the better case and deserves the field? We all of us have our instinctive preferences, doubtless, inclining us either to the side of Mr. Stokowski, Mr. Koussevitzsky and the party of search, or that of Mr. Gabrilowitsch and the party which includes such performers as Mr. Kreisler and Mr. Heifetz, and the majority of musicians and critics. Still, by what lights are we actually to judge the case? The dispute arises from the conflict of two notions of what "the best music" is. Immediate settlement of it would require the possession of an infallible criterion for excellence and abiding worth in music; and whence is the touchstone to be fetched? Infallible criteria are as non-existent in the realm of music as in all the other realms of art. Many individuals outside the universities as well as within them do profess knowledge of such checks; and, no doubt, the profession is of decided value to the professor. And the entire neo-humanistic clan is breathlessly waiting on their proximate discovery and propagation. (What comfort they'd take in these absolutes, the good humanists, after all the years of incertitude about a number of things connected with themselves!) Still, both the hope and surety of infallible criteria is vain. What passes for them is invariably contradicted by other, equally infallible criteria; and the combination of the rivals constitutes a negation of both. In any case, the knowledge is invariably impotent to create objects of the sort of those whose secrets it pretends to formulate. No recorded case demonstrates its helpfulness in the discovery of original creations at the moment of their appearance.

No one can tell us what "the best music" is; whether polytonalism and atonality are or are not permissible. And in attempting to judge the two conceptions before us, we find ourselves in the position of having to decide a dispute very like the old Biblical one before King Solomon, the dispute of the rival mothers' claiming a single child on the strength of their unsupported words. Again, two powerful affections battle for a living thing to which they have or pretend a natural right. And is it any less necessary for us to decide, less necessary for us to bring the weight of our opinion to bear? Let it not be thought that something of slighter importance than a human life or maternity is in jeopardy! The victory of one or the other of these conceptions might conceivably dry up the source of much spiritual power and sterilize a multitude of coming lives. And Solomon, alas, is "fifty miles away!"

Fortunately for us who have not his wisdom, the old king's example is very plain. Solomon awarded the child

to the woman for whom it evidently had an objective and intrinsic reality, rights and a separate existence as precious to her as her own desires. She "was the mother thereof," he judged. It is interesting to examine the two rival conceptions before us in the light of this decision, with special attention to the question of which of the two objectifies music, projecting its existence, separating it from that of the subject, discriminating its rights and attributes. A program of Mr. Gabrilowitsch's, significantly the one with which he made his seasonal bow to the Philadelphia's audience this winter, comes in handily. It comprises the Franck symphony, "La Peri" by Dukas, and "Les Préludes" by Liszt. We may not enter into a discussion of the ultimate merits of these pieces, or their interest and value for our day. This matter is contingent on the main question itself, the virtues of two conflicting attitudes toward music, one of which chose and juxtaposed them. But we may judge of the amount of discrimination involved in the arrangement of such a program. It appears very slight.

Both the symphony and the symphonic poem are built on identical themes, a questioning, three-note, wide-spanned motive resembling the germ of Beethoven's quartet, Op. 135. A clever contrast, you say! But can we be certain a contrast was intended? The two works have further similarities. Both are decidedly dramatic: Liszt's overtly so, for it is a symphonic poem; Franck's implicitly, since it indicates the coöperation of extraneous and literary ideas. Two dramatic symphonies, therefore, on one program! And by way of contrast? A ballet on a poetic idea, "Iskander and the Peri," composed by a member of the school of César Franck! Greater indiscrimination is scarcely to be found in any program offered by a major orchestra these days, even if its like appears in many violin and pianoforte recitals.

Certainly, no program of Mr. Stokowski's exhibits its counterpart. Want of perspective is not a libertarian characteristic, though dogmatists pretend so. The musicians and critics promiscuously accepting all recent productions are invariably authoritarians striving to escape their own fixations by denying the generally accepted. (There is greater kinship between the prude and the harlot than between either of them and the *grande amoureuse*.) The libertarian always has his reasons for his preferences, his feelings. Mr. Stokowski, for example, can doubtless give more reasons for playing Varèse than Mr. Gabrilowitsch for playing the overture to "Rosamunde." The libertarian, for this moment the Polish-American conductor, is merely the person with whom things have a chance.

His tendency comprises an integral acceptance of his art, whether of yesterday, the day before, today or tomorrow. It does not call for an orchestra to play new untried pieces, and another to play the proven best. It does not seek to divide, to dogmatize, to create hard and fast categories. Music for it is an integrity, no matter what its form; something everlastingly flowing, developing and changing, with a life independent of the approbation of critics and audiences. That which moves is worthy and compulsive of its loyalty, though it has not yet proved itself before audiences. Libertarianism recognizes that compositions born an hour ago, or lying on the dusty shelves, have as much right to performance and life as those favored by the last decades. And yet, it allows the accredited masterworks and classic examples no special privileges or prerogatives. They must, it knows, continue to take their chances with their younger rivals in a world where everything, including the conception of art and beauty, moves. Indeed, libertarianism expects music to evolve in unpredictable ways, since it is in the nature of living things to enter novel phases, obliging those in contact with them to make new adjustments, to get new understandings, perhaps to adopt or develop points of view which will make them strange to the persons they once were.

In short, it displays the saving "objectivity" prized by Solomon. That this fluid conception entails inconsistency and error is not to be gainsaid. We shall never be infallible as long as we adhere to it. But it lays hold of a living, breathing fragment of the all. Its rival, however, makes for division, indiscrimination and deathly rigidity; and we will be wise to find for the expansive attitude by making it firmly our own. PAUL ROSENFELD.

CORRESPONDENCE

"After Mother India"

SIR: In your issue of January 8, you publish an attack by Mr. C. F. Andrews upon my recent book, "After Mother India." I welcome this attack because it affords opportunity to invite public attention to the quality of some of the statements upon whose dissemination Mr. Andrews has recently been employed.

Mr. Andrews' first specific charge is that my book offers "on the surface a pseudo-scientific appearance by copious quotations from documents which are unknown to the reader and often given without their full context." I hereby challenge this ex-Christian missionary to point out one single instance in "After Mother India" where paragraphs, sentences or words are divorced from their contents or perverted from their sense.

It is curious that Andrews himself in his very next paragraph commits the sin that he has by implication laid at my door. Quoting from page 208 of "After Mother India," he deletes from the paragraph quoted its initial three lines and also omits the very brief statement—a matter of eight lines—preceding. Both of these omissions are of matter integral and necessary to the sense of the fragment that he prints in your columns.

I will not tax your space with the full passage. Those seriously interested in the truth of the matter may easily check Mr. Andrews' allegation with the text he attacks. Such affirmations, however, as that Tagore married his son to a widow, or that he condemns the Hindu caste system, are as valuable, as evidence that Mr. Tagore champions the cause of Hindu child brides, as would be his opinion on prohibition or shaving.

Mr. Andrews, as already cited, charges that my book quotes from "documents unknown to the reader." If he intends by this otherwise futile remark to insinuate that any document so quoted does not exist, I shall be glad to produce any he may care to name, for the inspection of the editor of The New Republic.

As to Mr. Andrews' statement that Miss Mayo, in his interview in my presence, expressed regrets for "blunders" in "Mother India" and promised to rectify them, that statement is wholly untrue. Mr. Andrews said Miss Mayo misrepresented Mr. Tagore's views on child marriage. Miss Mayo replied that the statement in "Mother India" was plainly and specifically concerned with the particular essay there in question, which essay, she maintained, justified her remark concerning it. But she added that if Mr. Andrews would point out to her from the printed works of Tagore any clear condemnation of the great Hindu evil, she would gladly make it public and would express her satisfaction in so doing.

Mr. Andrews, however, was unable from memory to comply, and expressed the idea that such expressions by Tagore might

indeed never have been translated into English. Miss Mayo said that if Mr. Andrews would give her the name of the book itself, in whatever vernacular it exists, she would have the passage translated and printed here.

This occurred some nine months ago. In the interval Mr. Andrews has failed to supply the needed information or in any way to reopen the subject. But he has not hesitated publicly to accuse Miss Mayo of breaking a pledge made to him in the presence of witnesses.

I pass over the rest of Mr. Andrews' letter as of a class with that already noted, with the exception of his scornful sweeping away of the sworn affidavit of the widow of that fine young American engineer brutally murdered by Mr. Gandhi's followers in Bombay in November, 1921. Your readers, I think, will want something better than Mr. Andrews' statement as evidence that an American woman, widow of a Stanford University graduate, and still in possession of her sanity, can forget, in the brief interval of nine years, the peculiarly hideous circumstances attending her husband's murder, and the ordeal through which she then lived. In this view, as in others, Mr. Andrews reveals how far he has departed from the standards of that Christian code that he once professed.

New York City. HENRY H. FIELD.

SIR: The incident which Mr. Field reports was as follows:

I called on Miss Mayo in Mr. Field's presence, and she blamed me for quoting with approval Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe's statement that her motive in writing was political. When she personally assured me that this was untrue, I promised to withdraw the statement, and I did so publicly, expressing regret. Needless to say, I was severely criticized for offering such an apology. In the same interview, I asked Miss Mayo, on her part, to withdraw two grave misquotations about Tagore and explained from my own intimate knowledge of Tagore what an injustice she had done to so great and noble a man. I fully understood from her words that she regretted what had happened and that she would withdraw on her part from her position, just as I had promised to do from mine. Therefore, it was a surprise to me when Mr. Field, who was present at this interview, defended her in his new book called "After Mother India" with regard to these very misquotations. For he was clearly acting as her champion throughout.

With regard to Mr. Gandhi, let me repeat that his moral character needs no defense from me in respect to the gratuitous attack which Mr. Field has brought against him.

There is an unfortunate reference to me as an "ex-Christian missionary," both in Mr. Field's letter and in his book. If, by that phrase, and by the last sentence in his letter, Mr. Field implies that I am no longer seeking to follow Christ, as my Lord and Master, let me say simply that this is untrue.

New York City. C. F. ANDREWS.

Mr. Simonson Rejects an Award

SIR: Mr. Mumford's recent gibe at the Theater Guild (The New Republic, January 8) for producing Shaw and Molnar annually at the expense of American playwrights, seems singularly pointless. Our last Molnar production, "The Glass Slipper," was made in October, 1925. In the five intervening years, we have produced *four* plays by Shaw and *nine* by American playwrights—"Porgy," "Man's Estate," "Ned McCobb's Daughter," "The Silver Cord," "The Second Man," "Marco Millions," "Dynamo," "Meteor" and that experimental trifle, "Strange Interlude." Despite Mr. Shaw, the Heywards and the Goulds got one production apiece, Behrman two, Howard two and O'Neill three.

Is that a record that obviously deserves a booby prize? It won a Pulitzer prize instead.

From 1919 till October, 1925, we did produce seven plays by Shaw, including that other monumental trifle, "Back to Methusaleh," and two by Molnar, "Liliom" and "The Guardsman." During that time we produced six American plays, of which four were indubitably milestones in the development of American playwrighting: Richman's "Ambush," Rice's "Adding Machine," Lawson's "Processional" and Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted."

Were American writers of light comedy so much the worse for seeing "The Guardsman?" Or American experimental playwrights for being given a chance to see "Back to Methusaleh" and "St. Joan" and "Liliom"?

One wonders what Mr. Mumford was trying to say. Are "Strange Interlude," "Methusaleh," "Liliom" and "Processional" so unimportant as experiments in dramatic form? Are Lawson, Rice, Howard, Behrman and O'Neill so unimportant in comparison with the really great American playwrights whom Mr. Mumford implies that we have ignored?

New York City. LEE SIMONSON.

SIR: If the Booby Prize bestowed on the Theater Guild was undeserved, there is nothing in Mr. Simonson's statistics to prove it. To encourage the American artist means to be ready to risk one's neck on him before he has achieved a secure position; it means leaving the Molnars and Varas to the ordinary commercial theater and escaping from the romantic glamor of European reputations; it means taking a positive attitude towards American plays, instead of letting them slip into the open spaces left by the European bill. There have very recently been hints that the Theater Guild was about to assume a more helpful relation towards American work. Was it perhaps because of a consciousness of their shortcomings in this department that they have called in an enthusiastic supporter of American drama as chief playreader? If so, I welcome the sign, for, incidentally, it proves my point. If, however, I misinterpret the Theater Guild's new attitude, and the Guild directors are still satisfied with the amount of encouragement they have given the American artist in the past, I fear that the Blue Ribbon was not undeserved, however modest and bashful the Guild may be about accepting it.

New York City. LEWIS MUMFORD.

The New Hague Conference

SIR: The closing statement of Mr. Allinson's communication in your issue of January 15, suggests the meeting of the long-overdue Third International (Hague) conference.

In spite of all the talk of need for codifying international law, a by-product of the agitation for American adhesion to the Court, I have been struck not only by the lack of attention given by such codification advocates to the conference which is scheduled to meet at The Hague on the thirteenth of next March, but also by the apparent silence of our government concerning representatives to that conference.

If our government has appointed anyone, that fact has escaped my notice. Certainly the delegation—if there is one—isn't getting nearly so much publicity as has been showered on the London conference delegation for the last two months.

True, the conference at The Hague will deal with but three subjects—nationality, territorial waters and responsibility of states for injury to the person and property of foreigners—and yet it is a practicable beginning to codify the law governing the normal relations of states. As such, it may be a much more significant landmark in international coöperation than the widely advertised London conference.

Nor is the ignorance concerning this Hague conference confined to Americans. I was greatly surprised to read in Foreign Affairs for January, 1930, a statement by Eduard Benes, Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, that this conference was "Summoned in 1927" and apparently met at that time (page 219).

Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. HOWARD WHITE.

The Dentifrice Racket

SIR: I should like to convey through you my heartiest congratulations to Miss Catherine Hackett for her wonderful contribution, "The Dentifrice Racket," to the January 15 issue of The New Republic. . . .

As a member of the dental profession, and I am sure I am in concurrence with the views of many of my fellow-practitioners, I would say that the use of tooth paste, to make the daily habit of tooth-brushing more pleasant is very fine. We find, however, that the manufacturers have gone beyond their sphere and are advertising their products as cure-alls. . . .

New York City. D. L. Z., D.D.S.

Germania Rediviva

The Making of New Germany, by Philipp Scheidemann. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 2 vols. 741 pages. $10.

The Recovery of Germany, by James W. Angell. New Haven: Yale University Press. 425 pages. $4.

THE resurrection of Germany from military defeat and the penalty imposed by the victors at Versailles is one of the most striking incidents not only of modern history but of all history. Here was a country economically exhausted by the exertions of four years of war against most of Europe and eventually most of the world. Millions of her best man-power were in the grave or maimed. Non-combatants were half starved, and nearly a million more perished as a result of the blockade imposed by the Entente after the Armistice. The national treasury was bankrupt and private citizens impoverished.

The Treaty of Versailles deprived Germany of some 13 percent of her population and European territory and about 15 percent of her productive capacity. She was stripped of the Lorraine iron, the Saar coal, the coal and steel mills of Upper Silesia and the textiles and potash of Alsace. She was compelled to deliver thirty-eight million tons of coal each year to France for a period of ten years, to turn over millions of live stock and poultry to France at a time when her own population was starving, to surrender most of her merchant marine, five thousand locomotives, one hundred and fifty thousand cars and five thousand motor trucks. She was forced to grant to most favored France concessions in commercial relations without receiving reciprocal advantages, to pay for the maintenance of the armies of occupation and to meet the enormous reparations charge. Moreover, she was deprived of all her territorial possessions outside Europe.

Now, some ten years after this crushing defeat and the vindictive peace which followed, Professor Angell can write to the effect that:

> In most respects, with the exception of agriculture and foreign trade, German economic life has now regained or more than regained the pre-War levels. Despite the loss of territory under the terms of the Treaty of Peace, the aggregate volume of production is materially larger than it was in 1913, the average prosperity of the people as a whole is a little greater, and Germany's industrial leadership on the Continent has been conclusively reëstablished.

Such a feat is undoubtedly without parallel in human history. Up to this time the most remarkable recovery on record had been that of France after the defeat of 1870 and the imposition of the billion-dollar indemnity. But this was the merest drop in the bucket compared to what Germany had to face in November, 1918.

Dr. Angell's monograph on the financial, commercial and industrial development of Germany since the Armistice was prepared under the auspices of the Council on Foreign Relations and the Columbia University Council for Research in the Social Sciences. It is a credit to American scholarship and an invaluable book of reference for the students of contemporary economic history. There is not only a careful study of the whole reparations problem through the drafting of the Young Plan, but also a thorough analysis of manufacturing industry, international trade, foreign loans to Germany, the status of German labor and contemporary German public finance and financial administration.

Dr. Angell attributes the phenomenal German recovery to the so-called "rationalization" of German industry and to the importation of a vast amount of foreign capital. By "rationalization," the Germans mean the reorganization of all phases of their economic life in accord with the latest conception of efficiency. The results are the best proof of the intelligence with which the Germans have reordered their industrial activity. The vast loans from abroad have been indispensable to German revival, but they impose an artificial condition. Interest rates are high, taking large sums of money or shipments of goods out of the country and exposing the country to the danger of a credit and foreign-exchange crisis, if there should be a sudden or extensive withdrawal of foreign funds.

Dr. Angell believes that the present German prosperity is real and that the recovery will proceed gradually and surely, even if not as spectacularly as in the years immediately after 1924.

The reviewer has little to offer in the way of criticism. It is difficult for him to reconcile Dr. Angell's view that the German people are now more prosperous than in 1913 with his own observations in Germany in 1926 and 1927, but the reviewer may have moved too exclusively among the middle-class and professional groups who were most impoverished by the War and by the inflation of 1922-23. Again, Dr. Angell avoids the delicate political and diplomatic issue of why Germany should be paying any reparations at all, in the light of what we now know about war guilt. But this is, after all, a problem of international morality and he is writing about economic changes.

Scheidemann's "The Making of New Germany" constitutes the memoirs of one of the leading figures in contemporary German socialism. It is especially welcome, since we have had a great crop of memoirs from the old ruling class and but few from the pens of the makers of the new Germany.

Scheidemann was the leading political director and strategist of German Social Democracy from 1912 to the period of the establishment of the Republic. His comments on that momentous decade are, therefore, invaluable as affording insight into how a typical Socialist appraised the leaders and events. He describes the results of the great Socialist victory in 1912 and the ferment which followed. He recounts the progress made towards resolutions of international peace between the Socialists of France and Germany in 1913 and 1914. He makes it clear that he had little apprehension of war in the summer of 1914, when he was on a walking trip through the Tyrolese Alps. He explains the oft-debated issue of the Socialist support of the German war credits in August, 1914. "At the time we all believed that Germany had been attacked. . . . We were all convinced that all parties concerned throughout Germany had done their best to prevent war."

In regard to war guilt, Scheidemann contends that neither the view of unique German guilt nor the thesis of complete German innocence can be sustained, but he stands with the French Socialists in demanding the complete publication of all documents, so that the world may know the truth.

To Scheidemann the great question of guilt lies not so much in who caused the War as in who unnecessarily prolonged it. Here he blames Ludendorff and the Pan-

German annexationists. It will surprise many to find Herr Stresemann, the Nobel Prize-winner, listed in this latter category. Scheidemann believes that peace might have been made on decent terms in 1917.

No doubt his criticism of the German extremists is just, especially in relation to Germany's policy toward Russia in the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, but he ignores almost completely the sinister designs of the Entente as embodied in the secret treaties and the Entente rejection of the moderate Wilson-House peace plan of the winter of 1915-1916. He certainly overestimates the interest of the Entente in a negotiated peace, especially after the prospect of American intervention loomed on the horizon.

Scheidemann gives evidence of respect for Bethmann-Hollweg, but he distrusted and despised his successor. He passes harsh judgment on Max of Baden for his delay in ending the War and demanding the abdication of the Kaiser. His account of the Stockholm conference is illuminating. The book essentially closes with the establishment of the Republic and the adoption of the Weimar Constitution. The period since 1920 is treated only in brief and desultory fashion.

If Dr. Angell chronicles the remarkable achievements of German capitalism, tempered by socialism, Herr Scheidemann concludes with a paean to Social Democracy as the hope of Germany and the world:

> The object of my political battles was, and is, Democratic Socialism. For this, that will reconcile nations and guarantee the peace of the world, I have struggled in the conviction, which is still unshaken today, that its realization for the International Proletariat will be redemption from capitalistic bondage and a preliminary condition of the highest social development for our Fatherland. Democratic Socialism —it will be the road to the freedom and prosperity of a peaceably minded and hard-working German people.

Perhaps by the merging of the two lines of development described so well by Herr Scheidemann and Dr. Angell may be produced the Germany of the future, which will reconcile economic power and dominion with social justice and a well diffused general welfare.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

The Paths of Glory

God Have Mercy on Us, by William T. Scanlon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

It's a Great War, by Mary Lee. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

German Students' War Letters, edited by Philipp Witkop. Translated by A. F. Wedd. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Class of 1902, by Ernst Glaeser. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

MR. WILLIAM T. SCANLON'S book is almost a time-table of the War. It is a bare, unemotional account of the Marines at Chateau Thierry, in the Soissons, Champagne and Meuse-Argonne sectors. The geography of the war-zone is exhaustively explained. Mr. Scanlon has set for himself the task of photographer. The result is not in itself successful. The myriad details of war—from sleeping in mud and eating horse meat to running through open fields under machine-gun fire—are recounted with faithfulness and monotony. But it is impossible to feel sympathy for the people in Mr. Scanlon's book, and since it is only in this oblique, personal way that a civilian can understand what the War was—the book simply does not jell. But by reading between the lines, by supplying the subtlety, the significance which Mr. Scanlon's photography neglects, one sees what he must have seen—what he, apparently, cannot now say.

"It's a Great War" by Miss Mary Lee, is not properly a novel. It is a series of telegraphic messages in code. At the start, Miss Lee's erratic use of verbs is disturbing. One suspects her of posing. And the repetition of that leit-motif phrase—"it's a great war"—is hard to stomach. Perhaps it would be wise to skip the first half of the book. After that one had better take "It's a Great War" slowly, carefully. It is worthy of such treatment.

The book deals with the experiences of Anne Wentworth. Anne came from the peace of a picture postcard home—the familiar white rambling house, fringed with lawns—and met the War. She was a civilian employee of the U. S. Army—a secretary to a major in a hospital at Bordeaux. The War, down there, was sordid enough. Wards of wounded—dances—amorous officers—hair-brained nurses. After Bordeaux, there is a Paris period. She is working now, but has still a sense of play-acting because she is not at the front. Her brother is killed. (This part is an extraordinarily beautiful piece of writing.) She is transferred to the Y. M. C. A. And there is a soldiers' hut ten miles from the front—and a man whom she saw one day, who wrote her a letter and then was killed. He was the man she loved. The misery of it all is terrifically clear. And the workings of the girl's mind, her revolt and her submission to a life which is meaningless and cruel, but apparently the only life. After the Armistice, Anne goes with the army of occupation to Germany. This is the richest part of the book. It comes off. It has a sureness, a descriptive finality which is finer than any of the rest of Miss Lee's writing. After Germany, there is New York—home—comfort—flatness.

The God-fearingness of the German lads whose letters Herr Witkop has collected in his volume "German Students' War Letters" is, under the circumstances, almost incredible. These letters are uninteresting and sad. They were written by naïve children who were unwilling to believe the horror of war—or who didn't have time to find out. They are full of platitudes—and full of pitiful recollections of the past—full of nostalgia and a tragic, wishful sentimentality. There is almost no hate for the enemy; the propaganda days are past and we no longer expect to find venom. Homesickness and hope are the two chief emotional states of these devout boys.

Ernst Glaeser's "Class of 1902" deals with war behind the lines—Germany starved and demoralized, her men killed too rapidly, her children maturing bitterly, abnormally. The chief protagonist of this novel is a boy who is about twelve years old when war is declared. His patriotism is pure mimicry—the grown-ups are making speeches and falling on each others' necks and being unusually kind; therefore, war must be an admirable thing. War alienates his two best friends; these losses distress him, but child-like he is short of memory. He trots gaily alongside the marching soldiers, he is exalted by the shouting, the mighty words of local orators, the waving flags. Then the fathers of his friends begin to be killed off. There is resentment against the War. Finally, hunger becomes the common nightmare. The children are encouraged, by their mothers, to steal. The men at the front diminish in importance. Now it is these children—the

last men left—who occupy the women. And meanwhile one must eat. In the midst of chaos, the disruption of the staid old order, sex becomes an interesting topic for the boy—the mystery, he calls it.

The book ends disappointingly. He has fallen in love with a girl and is bringing her some goose, stolen from his mother, as a love offering. They are in a wood making pitiful, stiff speeches to each other. Suddenly there is an air-raid. She runs the wrong direction, toward the shelling. She is killed.

This novel has the dramatic simplicity which was so noticeable in "All Quiet on the Western Front." It implies more than it actually says. There is no anger, no loud abuse of fate. The bent, distorted childhood, hunger, the broken homes, the great cheat of it all, are accepted with resignation. The acceptance is not passive. Behind it is the calm decision that history shall not repeat itself.

These novels of the War are not only all similar in their method of attack—but in their wordless conclusions. They are in a sense fables: and fables have morals attached to them. To say that any of these books is good or bad is to say very little. They are written plainly, with scant attention to the niceties of technique. Some are tinged with irony; some with despair; all are direct statements which have the authenticity of personal experience. It may be that future generations—who will know the War only as a series of tiresome dates to be memorized in history classes—will be able to pass sentence on them as literature. In the meantime, he also serves who only sits and reads.

MARTHA GELLHORN.

Clash of Colors

The Coming of the White Man 1492-1848, by Herbert Ingram Priestley. New York: The Macmillan Company. 411 pages. $4.

THERE is no part of the history of the Americas which contains more potential interest than the period of colonization. With the impact of the white men and the Indians, there commenced the struggle between two civilizations which, particularly in Mexico and the rest of Latin America, is still going on today. The mere fact that the white man had the more immediate political triumph is a comparatively insignificant detail in the drama as a whole. Side by side were placed two contrasting cultures, modes of living, senses of values, and racial temperaments. In Spanish-America, neither of the two systems was strong enough to wipe out the other. There commenced, therefore, the long process of give and take, assimilation and reaction, which has given rise to a thousand social and political problems entirely unknown in the English colonies, where the Indian civilization was too weak to put up an equal fight against the white invasion. Exactly how the two races impinged upon each other—that is the vital motif in Spanish colonial history.

It is with this question that Dr. Priestley deals. Although a few chapters at the end are devoted to the French, Dutch and Swedish settlers, his main preoccupation is the Spanish colonization of territory which has since become part of the United States.

In order to explain the particular type of frontier life which existed in the long line of Spanish outposts from California to St. Augustine in Florida, the author goes back to the center of the Spanish-American empire, in Mexico, and describes in considerable detail the strength and weakness of the colonial organization which made it possible for a few thousand Spaniards to push outward over half a continent. An economic system based on forced Indian labor and the granting of enormous tracts of land to the white conquerors, a social system based on feudalism and intermarriage with the Indians, a political system rigidly imposed from above and riddled with graft and greed—such were the elements of Spanish rule in America.

There is no question that the author knows his subject matter or that he has made exhaustive journeys through source books. The book, however, is uneven both in workmanship and interest, and suffers considerably from a lack of order and unity. Many of his facts have all the freshness of new revelations. Others have the tediousness of an academic dissertation. So little does the author understand the science of lights and shadows, so seldom does he throw into relief the information which he wishes to convey that the reader is often blinded by a glare of flat white details. Although he paints many nice little miniatures of colonial life, he does not always bring out the broad outlines of the inter-racial struggle.

BEATRICE L. PITNEY.

Carry Nation

Carry Nation, by Herbert Asbury. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 314 pages. $3.

MR. ASBURY differs from most contemporary biographers in that he has selected a subject requiring no romanticizing, no far-fetched psychological interpretation, no touching up. The simple facts of Carry Nation's career are sufficiently remarkable to require no exaggeration. Born on a farm in Kentucky, she was brought up by Negroes until she was ten years old, and from them imbibed a mass of superstition that served as foundation for her later religious mania. Her father was a roving and shiftless fellow; her mother consoled herself for the crude realities of frontier life by indulging in the supposition that she was Queen Victoria, in support of which delusion she wore handsome costumes of purple velvet, a crown of crystal and cut glass, and traveled around the country in a magnificent plush-upholstered carriage drawn by two dapple-gray horses, with silver-mounted harness. She inherited this strain of mental weakness from her mother, and Carry unquestionably inherited it from her.

In early childhood, Carry Nation was subject to fits of depression; for long periods she was sick; she was always nervous and introspective. When she was nineteen, she married a young doctor who was known to be a heavy drinker. He was drunk on his wedding day, and continued to be drunk practically all the time. After a few months, Carry Nation's father took her home; six months later, the bibulous doctor died. Not long after, Carry married David Nation. This marriage, also unhappy, was less significant in shaping her character: her first marital experience had intensified her hatred for drink to the point of insanity. For years she was in the hotel business, her husband failing to support her. Her famous saloon-wrecking career did not start until 1899, when she was fifty-three years old. The next few years were an orgy of hatchet-work, chiefly in Kansas, where the sale of liquor was illegal. Many women joined Carry Nation on her raids; rotten eggs failed to stop her; brawny saloon-keepers quailed before her. She was put in jail innumerable times, but she always got out; the authorities could not prosecute her for destruction of property without admitting that they

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were allowing saloons to flourish openly. Her name became a byword; when Carry Nation appeared in a town, the saloon-keepers departed, as if by magic. Those who stayed regretted it.

Mr. Asbury treats his subject impersonally, without ridicule. Indeed when one knows all the facts of Carry Nation's life, one does not feel like ridiculing her: she should have been put in a sanitarium. It is remarkable to realize the enthusiasm which she aroused in the West, notably on the part of other women In more sophisticated communities she did not fare so well; in New York she confined herself to conversation, which was not particularly well received. Her visits to Yale and Harvard did not result in any gains for the forces of temperance. Mr. Asbury has set down the facts of Carry Nation's life without bias. His book is inclusive, clearly written and, by virtue of subject and treatment, extremely interesting.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN.

Recent Poetry

Pansies, by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 202 pages. $2.50.

IT is a popular fancy that when men are drunk they show their true natures. Certainly, poetry, no less than strong drink, taps the lower levels of consciousness, and the printed page reveals the hidden soul. Unfortunately, Mr. Lawrence's new book of poems reveals something quite as unpleasant as do certain phases of inebriation. One might almost sum up the book in the first lines of two of his "pensées," as he chooses to call these curiously mindless and unlyrical effusions: "I am a blank and I

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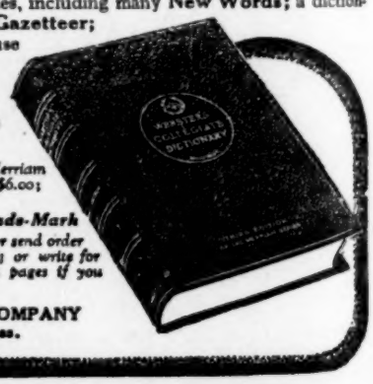

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admit it" (except that he does not really admit it), and "I like relativity and quantum theories, because I don't understand them." Indeed, the only things Mr. Lawrence appears to like are those which he fails to understand, though there is a good deal that he doesn't understand and dislikes. In fine, these scribblings of random notions, vagrant moods of rebellion, stagnation, yearning and disgust are marked by a total lack of intellection and an almost total absence of poetry. One is grateful for the piece called "Tolerance" because it expresses fairly well what one feels after reading this volume:

> One can be tolerant with a bore
> and suffer fools, though not gladly
> —why should a man pretend to be glad about his
> sufferings?—
>
> But it is hard to be tolerant with the smarties,
> or to put up with the clever mess-makers,
> or to endure the jazzy person;
> one can't stand peaceless people any more.

Mr. Lawrence probably does not recognize himself as a "smarty," though occasionally he declares that he is "peaceless." His peacelessness is his most forgivable vice. But in poetry, as elsewhere, one can't stand clever messmakers any more.

The Black Christ and Other Poems, by Countee Cullen. New York: Harper and Brothers. 110 pages. $2.

THE martyrdom of Christ has recently been the theme of two major poems. The title piece of Mr. Cullen's new volume of lyrics gives the old legend a new setting, and portrays the Redeemer as a black man. The substance of the poem, unfortunately, lacks the mature thought that so large a subject requires. The action moves swiftly, and there are many individually lovely lines, but the fable on which the poem is built is too facilely conceived and the faith that it expresses too unconvincing to invest the fable with significance. Mr. Cullen's reach was in this instance larger than his grasp. In his short lyrics, however, one finds a clear voice exalting the sorrows and triumphs of youth in a fashion as charming as it is familiar. The decorations, as is so often the case with illustrations for books of verse, are something of an impertinence.

B. D.

Contributors

ROBERT C. BINKLEY, an associate professor of History at Smith College, is a frequent contributor to The New Republic.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN is a professor of English at Wells College. He has written "Dew and Bronze," "Golden Falcon" and other volumes of poetry.

FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON lectures on motion pictures at Columbia University and is the author of "Scenario and Screen," "Cinema Craftsmanship" and other books.

WITTER BYNNER, the well-known poet, is the author of several books of verse, the most recent of which is "Indian Earth."

HARRY ELMER BARNES, the distinguished historian, is now a contributor to the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

MARTHA GELLHORN, a former member of The New Republic staff, has recently been engaged in newspaper work.

BEATRICE L. PITNEY is on the executive staff of the National League of Women Voters.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN is a member of the editorial staff of The New Yorker.

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